McKean County Miner.

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THE NATION DECLARES FOR TEDDY ROOSEVELT

By One of the Largest Majorities in the History of the Nation--Even the Solid South Broken.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY AND STATE TICKET ELECTED

New York, New Jersey, Connecticut—In Fact Every Northern State, and Missouri and Possibly Maryland Will Cast Their Electoral Vote for Roosevelt and Fairbanks—One Million Plurality Is All. County Gives Roosevelt Over Four Thousand Plurality

TEDDY: "WE STILL STAND PAT."

OUR YELL!

Who are we? Who are we?
We are members of the G. O. P.
Did we get there?
Well, I should smile.
We got there
By over a mile.

The nation has spoken in language most emphatic. In Roosevelt and Fairbanks the people recognized the exponents of the principles which are rapidly advancing America to the leadership of the countries of the earth. Tuesday last the voters of the United States announced their verdict in favor of a safe, sane and conservative form of government. They refused to be led astray by a party whose candidate in his zeal for power resorted to eleventh hour mud-slinging tactics that were worthy of the most depraved ward politician. The result was a glorious Republican victory. By a plurality of about 1,000,000 the people decided in favor of Theodore Roosevelt.

Not since Horace Greeley's crushing defeat by Gen. Grant in 1872, has a candidate received such a thorough "snowing-under" as befell Alton B. Parker on Tuesday, and for the first time since that date a Republican has carried every one of the northern states, together with Missouri and possibly Maryland.

As soon as the polls closed Tuesday evening the glad tidings commenced to pour in from every direction. Within a few hours it was revealed that a landslide had occurred that would overtop the most liberal estimates of Republican leaders.

New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, West Virginia, Montana and several other states either claimed by the Democrats or considered doubtful rolled up pluralities for Roosevelt ranging from 15,000 to 200,000. It was the voice of the people speaking and the language cannot fail to be understood.

The banner state is, of course, Pennsylvania. Reports up to date indicates that Roosevelt's plurality will reach 485,000. Next comes Illinois, where the President polled approximately 225,000 more votes than did Judge Parker; Ohio gave Roosevelt 200,000, New York State 164,000. The New York city returns are still incomplete, but the amazement over the result has not subsided. Judge Parker carried Greater New York by only 41,000 votes. Prior to election the Democrats claimed the city by 150,000. Maryland is still in doubt. Republicans claim the state by 1,500, but Democrats say returns will eventually place the state to their credit.

The solid South is broken by the defection of Missouri. At this writing reports show 335 electorial votes for Roosevelt and 133 for Parker, with Maryland in doubt.

According to reports the 59th Congress will stand as follows: Senate, Republican 57; Democrats, 33. House of Representatives, Republicans 230; Democrats 156.

Shortly after the polls closed Tuesday evening President Roosevelt issued a formal statement in which he announces he will not be a candidate for another term.

The President's statement is as follows:

"I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes upon me, and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it.

"On the fourth of March next I shall have served 3½ years, and this 3½ years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept another nomination.

ELECTORAL VOTE.

STATES	Roosevelt	Parker	Doubtful
Alabama		11	
Arkansas		9	
California	10		
Colorado	5		
Connecticut	7		
Delaware	3		
Florida		5	
Georgia		13	
Idaho	3		
Illinois	27		
Indiana	15		
Iowa	13		
Kansas	10		
Kentucky		13	
Louisiana		9	
Maine	6		
Maryland			8
Massachusetts	16		
Michigan	14		
Minnesota	11		
Mississippi		10	
Missouri	18		
Montana	3		
Nebraska	8		
Nevada	3		
New Hampshire	4		
New Jersey	12		
New York	39		
North Carolina		12	
North Dakota	4		
Ohio	23		
Oregon	4		
Pennsylvania	34		
Rhode Island	4		
South Carolina		9	
South Dakota	4		
Tennessee		12	
Texas		18	
Utah	3		
Vermont	4		
Virginia		12	
Washington	5		
West Virginia	7		
Wisconsin	13		
Wyoming	3		
Total	335	133	8

Roosevelt's majority, 202.

SMETHPORT BOROUGH.

Smethport, although safely Republican on most all occasions, surprised even the Republican workers by the tremendous vote rolled up for Roosevelt and the balance of the ticket.

Four hundred and one votes were cast which speaks well for the hustling abilities of the different party workers. Roosevelt's plurality in the borough over Parker was 227. Paul P. Lyon the Prohibitionists' candidate for Assembly, received 69 votes. The vote in detail follows:

For President: Roosevelt and Fairbanks, R. 301; Parker and Davis, D. 74; Swallow and Carroll, P. 15; Debs and Hanford, S. 9.

Judge of the Supreme Court: Elkin, R. 264; Thompson, D. 76; Stevens, P. 22; Bacon, S. 8.

Representative in Congress: Dresser, R. 271; Shaffer, D. 69; Watts, P. 27; Blair, S. 8.

Senator in the General Assembly: Matson R. 258; Peck, D. 81.

Representative in the General Assembly: Campbell, R. 253; McElroy, R. 251; Korner, D. 79; Reed, P. 34; Lyon, P. 69; Barr, S. 8; Esler, S. 8.

County Treasurer: Weaver, R. 263; Potter, D. 99; Howden, P. 15; Stark, S. 7.

Coroner: Hall, R. 268; Robison, D. 68; Place, P. 23; Brown, S. 10.

THE COUNTY.

Following is the total vote of the county:

President: Roosevelt, R. 5685; Parker, D. 1561; Swallow, P. 759; Debs, S. 304; Corregan, S. L. 47; Parker, Ind. D. 8.

Supreme Court: Elkin, R. 4816; Thompson, D. 1516; Stevens, P. 722; Bacon, S. 298; Grant, S. L. 28.

Congress: Dresser, R. 5117; Shaffer, D. 1425; Watts, P. 745; Blair, S. 268.

Senator: Matson, R. 4819; Peck, D. 1561.

Representatives: Campbell, R. 4676; McElroy, R. 4648; Korner, D. 1705; Reed, P. 1039; Lyon, P. 1039; Barr, S. 810; Esler, S. L. 188.

County Treasurer: Weaver, R. 4431; Potter, D. 2097; Howden, P. 581; Stark, S. 188.

Coroner, Hall R. 4572; Robison, D. 1583; Place, P. 658; Brown, S. 210.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

On Saturday, June 10, 1870, the remains of Mr. E. M. Howard of Williamsville, Pa., were consigned to the grave in the cemetery at this place. The funeral services were held at the Baptist church, Rev. Rose officiating.

Mr. Howard was one of the oldest settlers in the county. He was born in the county of New London, March 2, 1875. He came to McKean county from Jefferson county, N. Y., in 1837. He purchased 1500 acres of land near Williamsville, upon which he resided to the day of his death. He was a man of sterling integrity and unimpeachable honor. He was a man of deep and earnest convictions and was a Republican in political faith in the days when men of that belief were rare and all were honest. He endured all the privations and toil incident to the life of an early pioneer, raising a large family of children, one of whom is the wife of Hon. W. S. Brownell of this place.

A man who has been working in the mines at Alton for the past two or three weeks, while bathing in the pond at Buttsville, on Sunday, June 12, 1876, was drowned, and up to this writing the body has not been found. Mark Sheldon in company with others yesterday went to the pond for the purpose of finding the body, but with what result we have not yet learned. Just before drowning he was attempting to ride a log and being thrown from it by it rolling, it is thought in falling he must have struck his head against it in some way and so stunned him that he could not swim or in any manner save himself.

We enjoyed the pleasure of a long chat a few days ago with Hon. Hiram Payne, one of the oldest living of the first settlers of McKean county, the first man to undertake the publishing of a newspaper in the county and one of the first publishers in the "Wildcat" district.

Mr. Payne came to this county about 1830, and shortly afterward commenced the publication of a paper called "The Forester." There were then published at Wellsboro, Warren and Franklin three papers, with the exception of which the Forrester was the pioneer newspaper of the northern line of counties. The Forrester was a small concern, with few subscribers and illy patronized, and it is as safe to say that Mr. Payne did not gain any more wealth from newspaper business in McKean county than have his many successors. Mr. Payne informed us how this and the adjoining region of the State was first called the "Wildcat" district. It was thus: When at one time he represented this district in a state convention in the course of a spirited discussion he opened his remarks by claiming to "represent more territory, more bears, more wolves, more porcupines and more wildcats than any five members of the convention. The boastful claimancy of so remarkable a constituency brought down the house and the name thus fastened upon this district seems destined to stick through all time. [1876]

On Tuesday, June 13, 1876, the immense iron oil tank at Bradford was set on fire by lightning and totally consumed. The tank contained from 17,000 to 20,000 barrels of oil, on which there was an insurance of about $10,000. The names of the owners we have not learned, but the aggregate value of oil consumed is about $40,000. During the conflagration attempts were made to extinguish the flames by jets of steam but without avail. Owing to a telegram to the effect that the oil tank and all of Bradford was burning, the writer with many others visited the scene. The conflagration in a purely spectacular sense was grand. The immense fire was circular in form and from the burning crater the smoke rolled up in huge black balls, apparently distinct, and sheeted with flame. At a distance of thirty or fifty feet it may be, the flames would break from the curling balls of smoke, glare a moment in solitary fire and dart from sight. A number of derricks in close proximity to the tank were also burned, but we believe no other property was destroyed.

Mrs. John Evans of Norwich township met with a serious accident and narrow escape Saturday evening, June 24, 1876, while riding. She was sitting on the back seat of the carriage and the horses started up suddenly, throwing her out backwards to the ground. It was feared at first that her back was broken, which fortunately was not the case, though she was very severely bruised. She was also bruised painfully about the face by the seat falling upon her. In our opinion the wagon maker who manufactures an open wagon with a movable back seat should be indicted for conspiracy against life.

Died.—Samuel J. Lee, son of John and Hannah Lee, at Clermont, Pa., June 25, 1876, aged 8 years and 8 months.

Don't take chances on losing a friend by asking him to loan you his gun when we will rent you a first-class one for the small amount of 50c per day.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE IN SESSION

Convened at Court House Monday Afternoon for 38th Time.

EVERYTHING PROGRESSING NICELY.

A Large Attendance of the Fair and Stern Instructors—Much Interest Taken by the Teachers.

Prof. Myers called the Institute to order at 2 p. m. The Rev. Patterson led the devotional exercises, reading the impressive words of Prov. 8. After prayer and singing Prof. Myers made some pertinent remarks concerning attendance and attendance records, then introduced Dr. A. J. Kenneman, who spoke on "The Theory of the School." The instructor in a pleasing and instructive talk, showed that the school is not a chance thing, but always grows out of a definite need of some other organization, as the church, the state, some industrial organization, etc. That a real school consists of a pupil, representing the learning instinct to impart; and these brought together into a unity of organization for a definite end—the development of the pupil through the agency of the teacher. Dr. Kenneman made an excellent impression on the Institute, who gave him most appreciative attention.

Miss Hinman renewed her good work of last year, both in singing and in leading of physical exercises.

Prof. Churchill talked entertainingly and convincingly on "The Seven Golden Rules of Teaching." The teaching act consists of seven elements, out of which springs these seven laws of teaching. These elements are: The Teacher; The Learner; The Teacher's Language in Teaching; The Lesson; The Teacher's Part in teaching; The Learner's Part; The Review. The speaker discussed the absolute necessity of knowledge, not only of the child and the methods of instruction, but especially of the branches to be taught. If one knows his subject thoroughly, he can take it and maintain the interest of the class.

MONDAY EVENING.

Because of the unexpected detention of Dr. Faris, when it was too late to secure a substitute, the evening entertainment gave place to a reception to the teachers. Refreshments were served in the Methodist chapel, and an evening of delightful social intercourse ensued. The innovation brought only favorable criticism.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Rev. Calvin led the devotional exercises, reading the Psalms. Miss Hinman assisted by her excellent leadership in singing. Dr. Churchill continued his talk on "The Seven Golden Rules of Teaching." The speaker pointed out that the teacher's language should be common to teacher and pupil. More teachers fail from failure to adopt their language to the pupil's comprehension than from any other one thing.

Prof. Kenneman further developed the "Theory of the School." The school stands between the four great institutions of modern life—the church, the state, social and industrial institutions—and fits the child for participation in the stored-up wisdom of the race, held in these institutions. Formerly the school asked but one question: Which of the many things stored up in these institutions should the child be taught? Now it asks: What is the nature of the child I am to teach? What knowledge would be best at this stage of his development? What plans or devices would serve best to bring this knowledge to him?

Miss Hinman gave a brief talk on value of physical culture, pointing out how it does by unconscious methods what more direct methods fail to do in blotting out bad habits and developing good. The exercises following attested her mastery of the precepts she teaches.

Dr. Specht of Clarion Normal gave a pleasing and forcible presentation of "The Living Teacher." He emphasized consecration to a high ideal; avoidance of repetition and waste of energy; and superiority to mere conditions. No man has any right to fail merely because conditions are unfavorable. Make them favorable. Most of us worry and failure comes from lack of preparation.

Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of international fame in connection with the question of temperance instruction forcibly presented the importance of this work in maintaining the supremacy of our nation. The English investigation of our industrial system reported our superiority as lying chiefly in the intelligence and sobriety of our workman, and this as chiefly due to temperance instruction. The speaker told in modest words the part she played in placing this work in the schools of Germany, after interviews with the nobility and royalty of Germany and of England. The Institute is to be congratulated upon this great opportunity to hear one of the great moving personalities of the age, a woman whose work is broader than the nation or even the language of her birth.

After a pleasing recitation of a gem from Sam Walter Foss by Dr. Churchill, the institute adjourned.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Dr. Kennaman occupied the first period. He made application of his former work to actual discipline. He showed that the real school is a spiritual union of teachers and pupils for some definite end. If the school fails to move smoothly, look first for fault in the teacher. If not found there, then look for it in the pupil. When found, don't scold, analyze. If you are wrong, make it right and you have nothing to worry about. If right, keep cool and let the pupil worry.

Mrs. Hunt showed that temperance instruction does not take too large a share in our physiology teaching. The criticisms of the Committee of Fifty were so effectually answered that the National government has printed the answer as a public document.

Prof. Becht discussed Real Discipline. Three classes of annoying pupils are: The Nervous Pupil,—give him work to use up his physical energy; the Bully,—give him some responsibility; the Growing Boy, tired by the disorganization of his muscles,—be patient with him. A strong will is his most valuable asset. Don't break it, mould it.

Miss Hinman sang a pleasing solo and responded to a hearty encore with a charming lullaby. Miss Hinman deserves great credit for her pleasing and helpful contributions to the week's enjoyments.

Dr. Churchill completed his study of the seven Golden Rules of Teaching. They are: The teacher must know; the pupil must attend with interest; the teacher's language must be common to teacher and pupil; the lesson must be learned through truths already known; the teacher must arouse and direct the self activities of the child; pupil must mentally digest and assimilate the truth; the lesson must be confirmed by the review.

TUESDAY EVENING.

The entertainment, "Scenic Hiawatha," was a fine combination of stereoptican and kinetoscopic views, accompanying a beautiful rendering of Longfellow's famous poem. The rendering of the winter scene was especially fine.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The teachers met in business session and elected Prof. C. W. Lillibridge dent and Miss Minnie Ward secretary-treasurer.

The institute was led in singing by Miss Hinman and in devotional exercises by Rev. McCandless of the Episcopal church.

Dr. Palmer of the Fredonia Normal emphasized the importance of our work and advocated taking more pride in ourselves. The teacher's work is vastly more important and more enduring than that of painter and sculptor.

Mrs. Hunt gave a graphic account of the battle of Waterloo, which saved the world from a military despotism. We are facing a foe more threatening than ever Napoleon was. The issue is in the the hands of the teachers. To-morrow's majority is to-day in the schools. If victory fails, it will be because Blucher (the teacher) does not bring reinforcement in time.

Dr. Kinneman gave an interesting account of an experiment by which he demonstrated a color-sense in the lower animals, thus supporting the Darwinian theory of mankind.

Dr. Churchill occupied the last period. No one should be permitted to teach whose character is not worthy of imitation by his pupils. The teacher who awakens futile ambitions, such as feeling that to succeed one must reach high public office or at least escape labor, is a positive menace to the welfare of his pupils.

WEDNESDAY P. M.

Dr. Kennaman showed that the college man stood 250 chances to 1 of a non-college man to win a desirable position in civil or industrial life. Even if the educated man sticks to the commoner tasks, he does even these better and more easily than he could if uneducated and has a thousand avenues of enjoyment otherwise closed to him.

The Hon. Henry Houck of the State Department of Public Instruction was given an ovation when introduced to the institute. Many of the teachers had met Dr. Houck in the Normal examinations and know something of the great heart of the man. His talk was filled with a plea for sunny strength and lofty living. The man himself is the greatest emphasis of his talks.

Miss Brennan gave a very pleasing solo, which was heartily applauded. The audience was disappointed at the failure to secure response to the encore.

Dr. Davis of Alfred University discussed the various phases of school progress, and explained the plan of giving free scholarships to the successful candidates in a competitive examination. By this plan eight young people of McKean, Potter and Tioga counties can secure free tuition at the University.

Dr. Churchill gave an excellent rendering of a number of Riley's poems. Dr. Churchill does all his work in a way strongly marked by his individuality, yet always pleasing.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Miss Hinman's calisthonic class of young ladies gave an excellent drill, upon which they have been working only a short time. The work was very good and showed careful work of both pupils and teacher.

Dr. Churchill invested with new life the many oft told stories of Lincoln, illustrating the character of that great man—his tender heart, his forgiving disposition, his lack of resentment and absence of personal feeling. "The great soul is the forgiving soul." "Character does not grow in the atmosphere of fear."

Fatally Wounded.

A New Bedford Ind., dispatch in Tuesday's Era says: Ollie Walker, who was fatally shot Sunday, during an encounter with President Paul St. Peter of L. A. 300 K. of L., and Patrick McFall, a member of the same glass-workers union, is still alive, but no hopes are entertained for his recovery. It became known to-day that McFall, who was arrested with St. Peter, after the shooting, has escaped. The sheriff, who guarded the prisoners in a hotel while arrangements were being made for their release on bail, mistook another glassworker for McFall. During the excitement caused by the formation of a mob outside, McFall escaped and John Schwain was detained. Threats of violence which caused considerable apprehension last night are no longer heard.

Kane 2, Smethport 0.

Yesterday afternoon an aggregation calling themselves the Kane high school team came to town and played a game with the local school boys at Kane Field.

The teams were quite evenly matched and the game was a hot one from the start. The only score was a safety, counting Kane two points and was scored after about 15 minutes of play in the first half.

Smethport kicked off to Kane's ten yard line and the ball was run back about 15 yards. An end run and a succession of line plunges carried the ball to Smethport's ten yard line where Kane lost on a fumble.

Smethport bucked the line for 16 yards, but were held for downs and Kane again worked the ball to Smethport's five yard line, where they were held for downs. Smethport hit the line for a small gain and then tried a run around the end but the runner was caught and thrown back of the goal line counting a safety, two points, for Kane. After the kick out Smethport played desperately but were unable to score.

Kane kicked off in the second half and there immediately started as fierce an exhibition of football as has ever been witnessed in the town. The Smethport line held against Kane's terrific attack and they were repeatedly held for downs. Smethport played a much faster game during the second half and their gains were larger and more consistent, but try as they might neither side could score and after twenty minutes of the fastest kind of work the game closed with the score, Kane 2, Smethport 0.

The strenuous work in the second half aroused the fighting blood in players and spectators and at times the situation was very much Japan-Russia but nothing serious happened, and all in all it was a good game of football.

The Young Wife.

The Hose company have made arrangements with Charles Payne, a dramatist, to put on a play at the Lyceum, Friday, Nov. 18, the characters are being taken by young folks of our city. Rehearsals are now in progress, and a first class entertainment is promised. Mr. Payne comes highly recommended having put on various entertainments in near by towns. Little girls will give dancing specialties between the acts. Everything will be done to make this an event in the way of a grand success. The play to be given "The Young Wife," is a very interesting comedy drama.

THE RESPUS BIRD AFTER HIS REGULAR MORNING BATH—NOV. 8.

Joy of the Household
The best broom ever offered for 25c at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Pettikins

By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

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"I SUPPOSE that it is right to leave Pettikins home with Mary Doolin," said Marabel, pinning her hat on before the glass. "There is not room for her, of course. But to leave children with servants is not, as a rule, judicious."

"What's judishes?" cried Pettikins, trawing her curly head in the window. "Why isn't there room this evenin' for me to drive too? Why can't I go?"

"Gracious, I forgot she was there!" said Marabel.

"There are occasions when absence of mind is precious," remarked Miss Reed.

Pettikins eyed her sister's friend speculatively. She adored Miss Reed because it appeared to Pettikins that the young lady talked as people do in books.

"Now, listen to me," broke in Marabel. "We are going to the station to meet Uncle George. You must stay right here with Mary Doolin. Only be sure to put your best white dress on."

Marabel ran downstairs, and Pettikins, following, heard Miss Reed say:

"You might as well, Marabel, or she'll find it out herself after one of her fits of silence. I never came across so inquiring a mind. She's an embryo Columbus."

"Embroilmbus," repeated Pettikins as the door closed. "Embroilmbus," she said soberly on the way to the kitchen to find Mary Doolin. But Mary Doolin was sitting on a bench outside paring peaches.

"Mary, what's a embroilmbus?" said Pettikins.

"Don't come askin' me no more av thim furrin names!" said Mary Doolin.

"I'm wishin' somethin' might happen," said Pettikins soberly, "a bear or soldiers maybe with red coats and brass horns and muffs on their heads, and all fightin' right here in the yard. Then before they shot at us, Mary Doolin, I'd run out and holler, 'Don't shoot!' and they'd stop."

"Did ye iver!" said Mary admiringly as Pettikins' thin little figure and tiny hands struck an attitude. "Oh, the military is just grand! An' wouldn't ye be afeered av the dirty, Pettikins?"

Pettikins shook her head, standing absorbed in thought.

"Things don't happen 'cept to grown young ladies do they, Mary?"

The shade of wistfulness did not escape the shrewd Irish eyes upon her.

"Niver a think. Ye'll soon be a beautiful young cryture all to yerself."

"Oh!" cried Pettikins. "I'm so glad. Ye're sure I'll be wantin' things to happen like av the currance I could tell ye this minit."

"What's a 'currance,' Mary Doolin? Please tell me what's a 'currance.'"

"Niver a bit will I child. 'Twas all in the mornin' paper about a woman down to the Branch. Mis' McCree she was, poor sowl. All through her thrifle heart she loses her last rid cint."

"Go on, go on, Mary Doolin! Please tell me how she lost her cent through her heart."

"Not I, indade! She thinkin' him a book agint, or he, wid his little black bag all innocentlike fur knowin' she was alone by herself"—

"An' what was he, Mary Doolin—what was he?" demanded Pettikins, jumping up and down in her excitement.

"A burglar man, sure—a burglar man as burgled ivery cint av her third afternoon."

"WHAT'S A EMBROLUMBUS?"

in's, an' Mis' McCree that scared she didn't kape the head av a fish worm on her, but lay there kickin' an' squallin', while he fills his little black bag wid her vallybies an' bows as polite as ye pinze!"

Pettikins stood absorbed in the details of Mis' McCree's tragic occurrence. This, indeed, was having something happen with a vengeance. But Pettikins was certain that she would have possessed more power of resistance than Mary Doolin's traditional fish worm. She strolled to the side porch, mentally rehearsing the scene, and sat upon the step under the trumpet vine. Mary Doolin's stout form returned to the kitchen, and Pettikins dreamily watched a big bee darting in and out of a scarlet flower that climbed outside Marabel's summer pantry. The door of this pantry opened on the porch and was ajar, and through the cool gloom of the interior could be seen Marabel's rows of preserve jars. "I wonder what Marabel's going to tell me—or I'll find out for myself," said Pettikins presently, and then her heart stood still, for before her was a man. He was a man with a smiling countenance and, shade of the unfortunate Mrs. McCree, with a black bag! He surveyed Pettikins and smiled, fanning with his hat.

"Well, little lady, so you're alone?"

Thus had the burglar discovered the solitude of Mrs. McCree. Pettikins

"WHICH WAY?" HE SAID.

opened her lips to scream, but they were dry. Her quick, logical mind and vivid imagination jumped to the utmost conclusion. This, then, was a burglar—why, no doubt the very burglar man who had reduced the heroine of Mary Doolin's story to the semblance of a fish worm. Here was the innocent aspect, the polite subservience, actually the black bag containing the tools of his nefarious craft!

And Mary Doolin, singing in the kitchen, was a hundred miles away.

"I fancy that your sister has driven to the station," said the burglar and waited, but Pettikins did not speak. "And suppose you ask me in," he continued; "or, as I am tired and warm, I shall have to go in without an invitation."

He smiled and actually stepped upon the porch. Pettikins sprang to her feet. "Which way," he said—"this?"

"Yes," breathed Pettikins, with a swift illumination of thought as the burglar stepped within the darkness of the summer pantry. In a second she had slammed and locked the door upon him, drawing from its lock the great key which stayed outside. And then her feet flew to the kitchen.

"Mary Doolin," cried Pettikins, seizing Mary's skirt, "I've got a burglar man! Yes, I have, Mary! He's the one that burgled Mis' McCree of her red cent, for he's got his black bag along and his knives and things in it!"

"Is it of yer head ye are, Pettikins?" cried Mary Doolin.

But Pettikins' eyes were great and impressive. "Mary Doolin, I've locked him in the pantry before he could burgle us like he did Mis' McCree, and here's the key, and he's makin' a awful noise!"

"Mother av Moses!" exclaimed Mary Doolin, seizing the key. "If it's the truth ye're tellin' me, what'll become av the pair av us, wid niver a man to hand 'cept one, an' him a thafe an' a robber? Come along, Pettikins, till I listen to him. Sure, I'd rather be out av the house than in it this minit before he crapes out the pantry chimbly! It's the brave child ye are, Pettikins, to arrist a thafe, but the saints come down an' help us if he gets out av there!"

Mary Doolin cautiously approached the summer pantry armed with a shovel. Strange sounds were issuing therefrom. Calls, expostulations and raps followed in quick succession, while Mary crouched upon the grass, muttering to the saints, and Pettikins stood by, thrilled with the solemn enjoyment of such excitement.

When the yellow cart rolled in the gate, with Marabel driving and Miss Reed chatting to Uncle George, their consternation may be imagined. A volley of explanations met them, accentuated by the shovel, which Mary Doolin waved alternately from Pettikins to the pantry. Pettikins meanwhile stood by drinking in the elaborated details with grave delight.

"An' the dirty thafe, wid his pistols in his bag, ready to burgle us out av the house, a-bowin' an' scrapin' an' thinkin' to take her in! Not she, indade! Seein' I'd told her about pore Mis' McCree, she says, 'Walk in, sir,' swate as honey, says she, an' in he walks to Miss Marrybel's pantry, an' she up an' shlams the door on him, an' there he is now a-burglin' Miss Marrybel's preserves, the owdacious thafe!"

"And my head wasn't like a fish worm's, was it, Mary Doolin?" said Pettikins softly, with her eyes on Mary's face.

Marabel and Miss Reed looked at each other in bewilderment, and Uncle George said: "I'm afraid she's crazy. She's talking about fish worms."

"Hear him, thin, for yerself!" cried Mary Doolin dramatically as there was a sudden outburst from the pantry, accompanied by violent raps.

"Say, let me out of here, can't you? Mr. Bumstead, Miss Marabel! Unlock the door!"

"Hear to his imperdence!" cried Mary Doolin, while Pettikins stood first on one foot and then on the other in her silent and ecstatic enjoyment of the excitement.

But Marabel sprang forward and shook Pettikins by the shoulder.

"Elinor Lee Bumstead, you dreadful child! Give me that key, quick!"

Mary Doolin tremblingly produced it saying, "Sure, Miss Marrybel, ye wouldn't be turnin' him loose on us now!"

"Burglar, indeed!" exclaimed Marabel, with a very red face. She threw the pantry door wide, and the burglar stepped forth, fanning himself with his hat.

"How d'ye do?" he said. "It's warm in there."

"Chenoweth!" exclaimed Uncle George, with a shout of laughter.

"How perfectly shameful!" cried Marabel. "But it was Pettikins. You know, I warned you!"

"Mother av Moses!" exclaimed Mary Doolin, rushing to the kitchen, with her apron over her face.

"I thought you weren't coming," murmured Marabel to the burglar.

"I took the wrong train and had to walk from the junction," said the burglar to Marabel. And then they all looked for Pettikins, but she had disappeared.

"The child is so sensitive that I am afraid she will cry herself sick over the mistake," said Miss Reed. So Uncle George went in search, prepared to dry Pettikins' floods of mortified tears. He found her sitting behind a hay-stack, gazing speculatively into space.

"Never mind, girlie," began Uncle George. "Accidents will happen in the best regulated"—

"Uncle George," said Pettikins, turning upon him an absorbed gaze, "what would he have done if he'd been a really burglar man? Please tell me, Uncle George."

"Young lady," said her uncle, "are you aware that the gentleman whom you locked up for an hour in that pantry is your sister's fiance?"

"What's fiance?" said Pettikins.

"The man your sister's going to marry."

"Oh!" There was silence for a second. Then, "I only s'pose," she twisted a button of his coat around absently—"do you know what he's got in his black bag?"

"Clothes, most likely. Why?"

Pettikins gave a sigh of genuine disappointment. "The one who burgled Mis' McCree had a black bag with knives in it," she said wistfully. Uncle George leaned backward on the hay and laughed long and loud, while Pettikins watched him uncomprehendingly. Then he arose and took Pettikins to be presented to her future brother-in-law in spite of the fact that Marabel looked disapprovingly at the calico dress and straw decorated hair.

"This is Miss Elinor Lee Bumstead," announced Uncle George, while Pettikins shook hands with the burglar.

"I have heard that Pettikins is a unique character, and I can vouch for her prompt action in emergency," said the burglar. In a moment Pettikins' small feet had flown to the kitchen where Mary Doolin was taking a pan of biscuits from the oven.

"Mary Doolin, Mary Doolin! What's a 'leek carracter'? Tell me, please Mary!"

But Mary Doolin exclaimed wrathfully: "Go 'long way wid ye for a bad child, Pettikins, wid yer stories about thieves an' robbers an' lockin' up a foine gintleman in the pantry, an' him yer sister's betrothed, too! I wonder he could walk a mile wid pens in his shoes!"

So Pettikins slipped around the side of the house and sat down on the steps in the early twilight, and presently Miss Reed's voice could be heard saying, "The child is so imaginative that she really performed a heroic action."

And then a little figure crept out to where Uncle George sat smoking upon the grass, and two intense dark eyes looked through the dusk.

"Uncle George," she whispered, "just tell me one thing. What's a 'roic action?"

"GIVE ME THAT KEY, QUICK!"

Kaffir Ingenuity.

The following ingenious mode of crossing a river was once displayed by a kaffir, who had for some time stood watching the vain attempts of a party of soldiers to cross the stream at a time when to ford it was attended by considerable danger. After smiling at their efforts with that sarcastic expression remarkable among these savager he quietly raised a heavy stone, placed it on his head and then walked with perfect ease through the torrent to the opposite side.

One of the striking points of human nature is that a man usually can see how aptly criticism fits some one else. —Insurance Press.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

CHEAP SILKS.

They Do Not Wear Well Because They Are Heavily Adulterated.

The woman whose silk skirt splits the second or third time she wears it is apt to sigh for the silks of her grandmother's day, with their seemingly imperishable qualities, but as a matter of fact silks are much better now than they were before. The ancestral silks, which were woven on hand looms, were never of an even texture, whereas with modern machinery the last inch of a hundred yard piece comes out exactly the same as the first one. The art of dyeing, too, has been brought to a state of perfection never known before, and communication between the silk workers of the world is so rapid that a discovery made by one is soon known to all the others. The reason so many modern silks do not wear is because they are adulterated to meet the demand for cheapness, their wearing ability being in exact proportion to the amount of silk they contain. Cheap silks are largely made up of dye and dressing. A good quality of silk is defined by manufacturers as one which has not more than four ounces of weighting to the pound, and none have less than two ounces. Most of the weighting is put in during the dyeing process, and when a manufacturer sends a quantity of silk to the dyer he says that he wishes it to come back weighing so much, according to the amount of adulteration required.—New York Tribune.

MACARONI.

It Is Made From the Meal of a Wheat Called Semolina.

Macaroni, which is derived from the Italian word maccheroni, is prepared from the meal of a variety of wheat which is cultivated in the south of Europe and in the warm climates, its suitability for the manufacture of macaroni, vermicelli and other pastes is to be found in the easy preservation of preparations made from it and also in its richness in gluten and other nitrogenous substances.

The meal of this wheat, which is named semolina and is itself a commercial article, is mixed into a stiff dough with boiling water and while still hot is placed into a metallic cylinder, at one end of which is a thick disk pierced with openings and into the other end of which a piston is introduced, which forces the dough out through openings which correspond with the section of the article which it is intended to make.

Ordinary tube macaroni has its form given to it by manipulation of the requisite thickness, which are fixed within the openings of the disk. It is dried by hanging it in long strings between rooms through which a current of air is driven.—London Express.

She Was Game.

Henry—My wife is always ready to shop today and has a perfect genius for saving $20. Jones—I should say she was game to the last ditch. Henry—Oh, I don't know. I said there were no pockets in ladies' dresses and she replied by [illegible]

SAVED FROM THE KNIFE

A surgical operation is no longer necessary for the removal of Stone and Gravel from the Kidneys and Bladder, since the new medicine, Cal-cura Solvent, discovered by the well-known physician and surgeon, Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., quickly dissolves and swiftly expels Stone, Red and White Gravel, thus freeing the patient of the inflammation and pain caused by the presence of these lime formations. Cal-cura Solvent prevents the formation of Stone and Gravel and all uric acid conditions of the blood. The medical profession has heartily endorsed Cal-cura Solvent. All druggists, $1.00; 6 bottles $5.00.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - - $45,000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

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[illegible]

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPROUT & SASS

SMETHPORT, PA.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo, for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CASNOW & Co.

L. K. HOGARTH

has a full line of fresh, new

Druggists' Supplies

Anything you want in patent medicines, drugs, rubber goods, fine soaps, perfumery, toilet articles, stationery, brushes, combs, chamois and sponges. Also the best cut glass and hand painted china. Twenty years' practical experience in compounding prescriptions is the guarantee of our accuracy. Prices satisfactory.

L. K. Hogarth,

Established 1865.

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,

REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

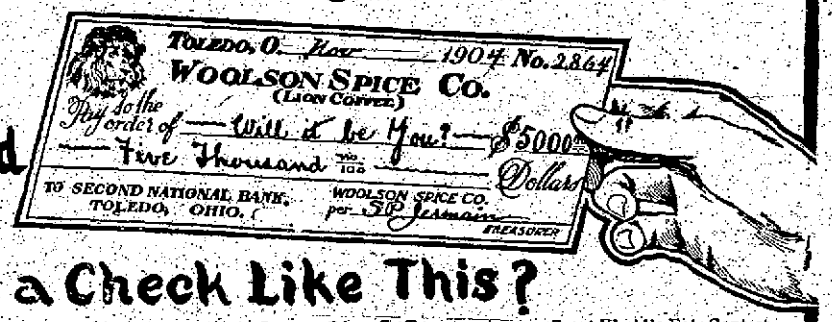
$50,000.00

CASH GIVEN AWAY to Users of

LION COFFEE

In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums

How Would You Like a Check Like This?



We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to *Lion Coffee* users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00

will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer $5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes	$500.00 each	1,000.00
5	Prizes	200.00 "	1,000.00
10	Prizes	100.00 "	1,000.00
20	Prizes	50.00 "	1,000.00
50	Prizes	20.00 "	1,000.00
250	Prizes	10.00 "	2,500.00
1800	Prizes	5.00 "	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES.	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use *Lion Coffee* long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your *Lion Heads* we give

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

LION COFFEE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEP'T.) TOLEDO, OHIO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE

Has a new and up-to-date line of

GAS HEATERS

of all the leading makes and the prices are right, too.

Also a full line of General Hardware, Stoves and Ranges, Guns and Ammunition, Fruit Jars, Glasses, Butter Crocks, etc.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

Baby Costs Too Much

When the price paid is the mother's health and happiness. The father doesn't realize as he romps with the child what years of wifely suffering must be set against the baby's laughter.

Chronic invalidism is a high price to pay for the painful joy of maternity, yet it is at such a cost that many a woman becomes a mother. Such a price is too much because it is more than nature asks.

By the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription maternity is made practically painless, and a quick convalescence is assured in almost every case.

$500 Reward for Women Who Cannot Be Cured.

The proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"There are thousands of sick women dragging out a weary, miserable existence, who would be well and happy did they but know my experience with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. Annie Lemman, Lady Commander Star of Bethlehem, Lodge No. 97, of 106 Jackson Street, Atlanta, Ga. "Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines internally and externally until I had made up my mind that there was no relief in sight for me. A friend of mine endorsed your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I determined then to give it a trial. It took patience and perseverance for I was in a bad condition, and had to use your medicine for nearly four months before I was cured, but what a change it brought! from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful, exhilarating feeling that only health brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars. Your 'Prescription' is a grand medicine. I wish every sick woman would only try it and be convinced."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

The dealer who offers a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" does so to gain the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines. His profit is your loss; therefore, accept no substitute.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the bowels.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 10, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Bell Bros., Olean, have an interesting ad this week.

—E. W. Strong, the plumber, has a new ad to-day.

—Thanksgiving two weeks from today, Nov. 24th.

—Bolivar has a "woman in black" who sometimes frightens late pedestrians. The Breeze intimates that the woman in black" is a man.

—The eight prisoners confined in the city lockup was released from custody Tuesday afternoon for a sufficient length time to allow them a chance to cast their vote.—Bradford Star.

—Four masked men dynamited and robbed the bank at Hermitage, N. Y., last Thursday night of $80,000. The explosion awakened neighbors but the robbers escaped after a running fight with revolvers.

—O. D. Underwood has moved his household goods to Coryville, where he has recently opened a grocery store. The Democrat extends its best wishes to him and his family in their new home.—Coudersport Democrat.

—Many improvements have been made in the Miner plant the past month, and we are now better prepared to do all kinds of printing that will equal or excel that done in the larger cities. If you are in need of anything in this line give us a trial.

One of the oldest hunters seen out this year is Wm. Lent, father-in-law of O. C. Griffin up Comes Creek. He is ninety-three years of age and gets out almost as spry as the young boys, his eye is sharper and his finger quicker on the trigger than many of them. Ninety-three is a good old age when it comes to think of it.—Port Allegany Reporter.

In speaking of the school house fire last week, the Austin Republican says: "Due only to the heroism and presence of mind of the teachers in the crowded building that we are not called upon to chronicle a much more serious matter. The building in which the fire originated was used entirely by the primary department and contained six grades, the teachers being Misses Hart, Fuller, Baldwin, Lewis and Middaugh. Cards of 250 pupils are enrolled in the department and nearly all were in their seats when the fire was discovered.

Iron Making in Early History.

Iron was used before history was written. The stone records of Egypt and the brick books of Nineveh mention it. Genesis (iv. 22) refers to Tubalcain as "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," and in Deuteronomy (iii. 11) the bedstead of the giant Og was "a bedstead of iron." The galleys of Tyre and Sidon traded in this metal. Chinese records ascribed to 2,000 B. C. refer to it. Horace speaks of it as superior to bronze. The bronze age came before the iron age because copper, found as a nearly pure metal, easily fuses, and with another soft metal—tin or zinc—alloys into hard bronze, while iron, found only as an ore, must have the impurities burned and hammered out by great heat and force before it can be made into a tool.

Not a Favorite Breed.

Lovers of good, plain dogs which have been allowed to grow naturally will appreciate the story of the English peddler who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted:

"Hi wants a kind of dog about so high an' so long. (Hit's a kind of gry'ound, an' yit it ain't a gry'ound, because its tyle is shorter nor any o' these 'ere gry'ounds an' 'is nose is shorter an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind o' gry'ound. Do you keep such dogs?"

"No," replied the dog man. "We drowns 'em."

An Awkward Compliment.

Jones is nothing if not gallant. Mrs. Brown is exactly the same age as her husband, but she will not admit it.

"My husband is forty," she said to some friends the other day, "you wouldn't believe it, but there's actually ten years' difference in our ages!"

"Impossible, dear madam," hastily interposed Jones, anxious to say something agreeable. "I'm sure you look every day as young as he does."

Not Serious.

Mr. Short—My dear Miss Kate, I have a very serious question I wish to ask you. Miss Long—What is it, pray? Mr. Short—Will you marry me? Miss Long (scornfully)—Do you call that serious, Mr. Short? Why, I don't think I ever heard anything so ridiculous.

Cynical.

Cynicus—The propagation of the human race depends upon early marriages. Sillicus—How do you make that out? Cynicus—Well, if a man waited until he was really old enough to get married he wouldn't.—Philadelphia Record.

It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale.—Cicero.

Lost on the Ice on Lake Erie.

No landmarks can be seen. There is nothing by which to direct a course. A man may easily be lost and wander until overcome. Too often this has happened, and hardly a winter has passed without some such disaster.

A man so lost will often trust to the instinct of the dogs to find a way home through the bewildering storm and gloom. Sometimes, however, even the animals have been at fault. In a recent case a fisherman with three dogs was overtaken on the homeward way by a sudden tempest of wind and snow. To see even a few feet must have been impossible, and even the dogs must have been overcome with fright or found that they were unable to guide themselves in the right direction. Still, though two were loose, they did not desert the man. When the searching parties found him on the following day he was dead, frozen to death, but the dogs with him were alive. One dog, which had not been unharnessed, was mad, however, and had to be killed at once.—George Hibbard in Harper's Magazine.

Look to Your Walk.

Look to your walk. It has more to do with your success or failure than you perhaps dream of. Don't slouch. Don't wabble. Don't shuffle. Don't strut. Walk like a man who is determined to play a man's part in life, with head erect and feet planted firmly on the ground.

One may see on the streets of a city every day many people who are walking failures. There is not the slightest energy in their movements. Their whole bearing gives testimony of their weakness. How do we know that they are failures? Nothing is simpler. There is a subtle connection between the mind and the body. The mental attitude is reflected in the spontaneous movements of the body, and you can very quickly tell by a man's walk and general bearing whether his mind is alert, his spirit progressive and earnest and his whole being full of life and vigor and determination or he is a slipshod, lazy, lifeless creature.—Success.

Saltness of the Sea.

The two great causes of a very gradual increase in the saltness of the sea are the solvent powers of water and the process of evaporation. By their solvent powers rain, rivers and springs draw salts out of the land and carry them to the sea. In evaporation the sun, as in enormous pump, is ever drawing up pure water, leaving all solids behind. On the other hand, many marine organisms, plants and animals are continually extracting mineral matter from the sea wherewith to build up the solid parts of their bodily frames. Whenever the point of saturation is reached salt is deposited, as in the salt pans of the Caspian, the Dead sea, Salt lake, Utah, and numerous beds of rock salt.

Babies on Club's Waiting List.

In what is supposed to be our swellest club the father who does not cause his masculine offspring to be posted for membership on about the day of the offspring's birth is understood to be the exception rather than the rule. There is a legend that a member once anticipated an interesting event in his family to the extent of proposing for membership a boy he was expecting and that the baby turned out to be a girl. We believe, however, that this legend has never been fully substantiated. It is nevertheless a fact, we believe, that there's a long procession of baby boys on the club's waiting list. —Boston Herald.

Lady Vere de Vere.

Aubrey de Vere, the poet, and his family were for long years intimate friends with Tennyson, who borrowed the whole of his famous Lady Clara's name from them, for one of them was actually a Vere de Vere. Lady de Vere, it is said, did not quite like the association of her name and of a little something like hers with the character of the hard hearted and haughty Clara. "Why should Lady de Vere be aggrieved?" was Tennyson's reply. "I have not given her name to an ugly woman nor to an old woman, only to a wicked one."

Could Meet, but Not Greet.

Caller—Mr. Ardup, you said last month if I would come on the 15th you'd be ready to meet this note, and I've brought it. Mr. Ardup—Why, the fact is I'm—er—ready to meet it for old acquaintance sake, but it's simply impossible for me to be chummy with it. Can't you come again some time next week?—Chicago Tribune.

The Poor Missionary.

"Now, my child," said the cannibal mother to her youngest hopeful, "I want you to be on your good behavior and not make a pig of yourself."

"What for?" demanded the young savage.

"Because we're going to have that new minister for dinner."—Exchange.

More Suitable Name, He Thinks.

"Some people insist on referring to flats as 'apartments.'"

"It's wrong," answered the discontented man. "They are compartments."—Washington Star.

Utilizing the Log.

Miss Querie—I understand you had a narrow escape crossing the Atlantic? Mr. Hard-Port—Yes, indeed. The coal ran out, and the captain had to split up the ship's log to keep the fires going.

Exhausting.

Mrs. Grammercy—Which of your social duties do you find most exacting? Mrs. Park—To appear interested in the things that don't interest me.

It is the simpleton who doesn't dare to be simple.

Duff's College

Gives a Broad-Winning Education — Educating young men and women to win! Six courses of this progressive commercial type. Seven teachers employed.

P. DUFF & SONS, 6th St. & Liberty, Pittsburg, Pa.

Served Its Purpose.

"A certain cadi of Bagdad had been in his youth a fisherman, and, to keep himself in mind of his humble origin, there was always spread upon his dinner table a huge fishing net.

"People admired the cadi for this exhibition of humility. He was rich, and his house was sumptuous. But, amid all that elegance, the net, the sign of the man's lowly birth, was always prominently displayed.

"The story of the net spread through the city and finally reached the ears of the caliph. He, in due time, sent for the cadi, took him into his favor and made him his grand vizier.

"'Thus,' said Haroun al Raschid, 'we reward humility.'

"From the day of his appointment the grand vizier ceased to exhibit his fishing net. It disappeared, and it was never spoken of.

"Once, though, a visitor, a man of considerable impudence, said to the vizier:

"'Why is it, my lord, that your net is no longer spread upon your table?'

"The vizier smiled and quietly replied:

"'It has caught the fish.'"

Louis Napoleon's Title.

It has been said that Louis Napoleon, who assumed the imperial dignity in 1852, a year after his famous coup d'etat, was influenced in the choice of his title by a curious misconception. An enthusiastic prefect closed an official document with the words, "Vive Napoleon!!!" and these three notes of exclamation were mistaken for the Roman numeral III.

Another and very similar story is to the effect that official posters appeared upon the walls of Paris headed Napoleon III. by a printer's error for Napoleon II. I.—that is to say, Napoleon II., Imperator, or emperor.

The less romantic reason is that had the son of the great Napoleon lived to succeed his father he would have been Napoleon II. and that on this ground Louis Napoleon figures as the third of that name.

Penalties of Progress.

It would almost seem as if nature resents any departure from the original mode of progression. When men rode much they developed bow legs and a jockey walk. When they took to the bicycle they put on the cycling hump and grew elongated feet. When the motor came in it modified the bicycle hump, and gave us a lesser stoop, a crane neck and the motor glare.

If you will have a man well set up, normally developed and erect, as Providence intended him to be, you must bring him up on walking exercise, not, of course, the dawdling slouch of the lazy loafer, but the spirited walk of the healthy human who treads the earth as if he owned it. Here you have at hand one means of avoiding some of the penalties of progress.—London Tatler.

Alleged Origin of "Uncle Sam."

A curious version of the origin of "Uncle Sam" has been discovered in an old almanac published in Lexington, Ky., in 1814. The phrase is explained in the following words: "Uncle Sam is a cant phrase significant of the United States, as John Bull is significant of England. The origin of it seems to be this: In the year 1807 there was authorized by law the raising of a regiment of light dragoons. When the company first appeared their caps bore the letters U. S. L. D., signifying the United States Light Dragoons. A countryman, seeing the company in dress parade, asked a bystander what the letters stood for. 'Why,' was the answer, 'that means Uncle Sam's Lazy Dogs.' Since that time the use of the term has become general."—London Chronicle.

What a Hen Can Learn.

When a boy I had a fat, lively hen so educated that at my bidding she would lie on her back and slide head first down an inclined plane two or three feet in length without the slightest effort to turn upright or stop herself, and at the bottom she would remain just as she landed until I touched her or spoke to her unless interfered with by some other person or animal. Incredible as this may seem, it is a trick easily taught any gentle, affectionate hen.—L. B. Morphew in Forest and Stream.

A Mussy Cook.

I c'd make a chocolate cake 'n' a king might eat off o' my cuffs 'n' collar when I was through, but what surprised me about your chocolate cake, Mrs. Lathrop, was 't you didn't get into the oven with it in the end, for I'll take my Bible oath 's you had 's much on you 's on any pan.—"Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop," by Anne Warner.

A Beautiful Match.

"How lucky," said Mrs. Nuwed, "that I happened to pass that cigar sale this morning! These cigars are exactly the shade of George's new smoking jacket, and the smart little green bands round them will go with the lining beautifully. Men never consider these little things."

Not to Be Blamed.

"Why, Harry, how much you look like your father!" remarked a visitor to a four-year-old.

"Yes'm," answered Harry, with an air of resignation. "That's what everybody says, but I can't help it."

Friends.

Nell—Mr. Kammerer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture. Bell—Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Where It Hit.

Mrs. Hobbs—Isn't that Henry practicing on his cornet? Mr. Hobbs—Partly on his cornet, but principally upon my nerve centers.—Boston Transcript.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

POSITION IN SLEEP.

The Connection Between Health and the Way of the Bed.

A French scientist claims to have established a distinct connection between our health and the position which our beds occupy with regard to the points of the compass. He relies upon the fact that the sap of trees is gradually driven toward the east by centrifugal force, so that they develop more on that side. This induces him to argue that when we remain in bed for several hours with our heads toward the east this will tend to drive the liquids of our body from west to east, and our blood has a tendency to flow toward the brain, so that we sleep uneasily and find ourselves less fresh when we awake than if our feet had pointed eastward.

If our bed stand north and south it is better to lie with the head northward, as the centrifugal force acts from north to south in our hemisphere.

This old inscription on a bedstead is good: "So that ye harte be rite, it matters not which waye ye head laye."

Keep to the Right and Go Ahead.

The story is told that on a certain occasion when a company of persons were discussing in a crowded room sacred subjects and certain prominent men one suddenly exclaimed: "I should like to meet that bishop of Lichfield. I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him."

"Very well," said a voice out of another corner, "now is your time, for I am the bishop."

The man was somewhat startled and taken aback, but presently, recovered himself and said, "Well, my lord, can you tell me the way to heaven?"

"Nothing easier," answered the bishop; "you have only to turn to the right and go straight ahead."

Her Choice.

The wife of a burglar was being examined by an eminent lawyer. "You are the wife of this man?" asked the barrister. "Yes," replied the witness. "You knew he was a burglar when you married him?" continued the lawyer. "Yes," she answered. "And how did you come to contract a marriage with such a man?" "Well, it was this way," said the witness sarcastically. "I was getting old and had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer. What else could I do?"

Foolish men mistake transitory semblances for eternal fact and go astray more and more.—Carlyle.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 10, 1904.

DID the results please you?

DAVID BLUNDER HILL is a "dead un."

DELL WEAVER ran well, considering that he was marked for defeat by the Democrats.

WE still have the banner Republican State. Pennsylvania gave Roosevelt about 485,000 plurality.

JUDGING from the returns from Keating 3rd, Charley Byron's Sunday clam bake did not have the desired effect.

POTTER county did itself proud Tuesday. Roosevelt carried the county by about 2,000 and every Republican on the ticket was elected.

ESOPUS local, Alt Parker, who has thought some of going to Washington to live, changed his plans and the report that his farm was for rent is not true.

AUSTIN has been wrenched from the grasp of the socialists and is now safely in the Republican fold. This speaks well for Editor Knapp of the Republican.

AN hour after Judge Parker rose Wednesday he was out on his farm seeing that the ploughing was properly done. Later he went for a horseback ride.—Bradford Era.

HON. S. R. DRESSER will entertain about 15 members of Pennsylvania's representation in Congress with a house party at his handsome new residence on Jackson avenue to-day, Friday and Saturday.—Bradford Era.

THE report that a new Democratic party was to be organized by Bryan, Hearst, Watson and other prominent Democrats is most emphatically denied by Hearst. Why not? Many Republicans are anxious to have "a foeman worthy of their steel."

ROOSEVELT'S plurality in this county is a pretty good indication that a good many voters thought before they voted last Tuesday. His plurality according to the full but unofficial returns is 4121, which is 1328 larger than McKinley carried it fours years ago.

A PHILADELPHIA dispatch says: Incomplete returns of the vote cast for Swallow, Prohibition, indicate that he received about 40,000 votes. In 1900 the Prohibition vote was 27,908. The vote for Debs, the Socialist candidate, was largely in excess of that cast in 1900, when the party's candidate received 4,831 votes in Pennsylvania.

ALL the Republican candidates are feeling pretty well thank you, and chief among them is S. D. Weaver. Mr. Weaver had strong opposition, in fact a Bradford man will almost always give an opponent a "run for his money," but in this case Dell was an easy winner and his comfortable majority shows the esteem in which he is held by the voters of McKean county.

NEWS of the election of Frank W. Higgins as Governor of New York was received in this county with pleasure as Mr. Higgins is well known and very popular. New York people show their good sense in recognizing true ability in their selection of a Governor. Mr. Higgins seems like "one of us" and it is a fact that almost as much concern was shown over his election throughout this part of Pennsylvania as would have been over a candidate for Governor of this state.

Forecasting.

Observed weather conditions is the basis of all weather conditions, theoretical or practical, and mankind for their own welfare and interests have ever studied local weather signs from nature's own book.

Experience and discernment enabled each succeeding generation to add to the store of wisdom thus acquired, and to-day every country has a weather proverb for every conceivable condition foreshadowed by local signs.

Many noted scientists and investigators have made careful inquiry within Nature's realm to discover the hidden key that will unclock the secret whereby the weather may be forecast for extended periods, but without result; for as yet such laws are to be established, and the so-called long range forecaster merely plays a game of chance and trust to the credulity of the people in his claims for success, and their forgetfulness of his failures.

The progress in legitimate forecasting has been slow and is yet in the empirical state; but much has been learned, and the foundation is being laid and added to with every scientific discovery that will aid in giving determination in future meteorological investigation and research.

The discovery of the principle of the barometer and thermometer for measuring air pressure and temperature was but little in advance of the birth of William Penn. One hundred years later Benjamin Franklin gave to the world his philosophy of "northeast storms." Morse made practical the telegraph a little over a half century ago, and the now almost universal use of the telephone is of but recent date. Such practical and invaluable discoveries rendered possible the United States Weather Bureau as it now exists, with its corps of experienced observers at well distributed stations throughout the country, who simultaneously every twelve hours, and with standardized instruments and trained eye, measure, record and telegraph the local meteorological conditions to designated stations where they are chartered, printed, and together with the official forecasts given the widest distribution practicable.

The public is always taken into the full confidence of the Bureau and kept informed of current meteorological conditions over the entire country, and of changes that are probable within a limited period. The time may come when it will be possible to forecast the weather for coming seasons, to specify in what respect the coming month or season will conform to or depart from the weather that is common to the month or season will conform to or depart from the weather that is common to the month or season; but that time has not yet arrived, and until it does public interests will continue to be injured by the publication of the so-called long range forecasts, whether in almanacs or the public press, especially those which relate to severe storms, droughts, floods and other atmospheric phenomena of a dangerous or damaging character.

Judge Bouton Interested.

The Hon. Joseph W. Bouton president Judge of McKean county is one of the many prominent citizens in McKean county interested in the project for a children's home in this neighborhood, says the Bradford Star, which the Commonwealth Humane society is working so hard to realize. General Agent Driscoll, of the society received a very encourging letter from Judge Bouton under yesterday's Smethport date line. The Judge says: "I have been very much interested in the representations which have been made to me of the work of your society, and particularly in your plans for the establishment of a home for children. I have frequent occasion to observe the necessity for such a home in this county, and have no doubt the same need exists in neighboring counties to which, I am gratified to learn, your work is extending. I trust that your plans for a childrens' home will meet with the approval and substantial aid which the cause merits." Mr. Driscoll has received letters from other citizens of worth, encouraging him and the society in its work, and he considers the outlook for the permanent establishment of the home as most favorable.

New Postal Ruling.

The Postmaster General has ruled that the patrons of delivery routes may either have the choice of calling at the postoffice for their mail or having it delivered; but the postmaster is not required to go through the carrier's case in his absence to hunt out mail for anyone, nor are the carriers required to stay at the postoffice to wait on their patrons. Therefore patrons desiring service both by the carrier and the postoffice, will be required to rent a box at the postoffice, in which the postmaster may put the mail during the day and such renters may call and get the mail at any time during office hours.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 5, 1904:

Charlie Dewees, T. F. Filmore, Alice Olson, Tom Robison, Charlie Smith, Clark R. Wells. Foreign—Miss Julia Anderson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

THE "MAJ." HEARS FROM YORK STATE.

"F-U-D-G-E"

$14 Buffalo to St. Louis and Return.

Tickets on sale every day except Fridays and Saturdays, until November 24th. Good seven days. See local Agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

For Sale.

One yearling colt, two sucking colts and two cows. Inquire of F. E. Brockham, Farmers Valley, Pa.

Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy

In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, John R. McCarty of McKean county, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 9th day of December, 1901, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

WILLIAM T. LINDSAY, Clerk.

OLEAN'S BIG DEP'T. STORE

BELL BROS.

THANKSGIVING LINEN SALE

It is worth a great deal to a housewife to know where the best Housekeeping Linens may be bought. By this we mean kinds that last longest and prove satisfactory all the while. Our constant effort is to supply such linens. This is our annual Linen Sale, an event looked forward to by many buyers. We are sure if you visit this Department, just now, you will be tempted to buy liberally.

Every yard of linen purchased at Bell Bros. is a guarantee of quality, merit and durability.

60-inch bleached damask, regular value 25c, sale price, per yd...22c
72-inch bleached damask, regular value 59c, our Thanksgiving sale, price per yd.....45c
66-inch unbleached heavy all linen damask, regular value 59c, our Thanksgiving sale price, per yd.....50c
72-inch bleached table damask, regular value $1.00, our Thanksgiving sale price.....79c
5 pieces 72-inch bleached damask, extra quality, beautiful patterns, our Thanksgiving sale price, per yd.....$1.00
5 pieces 72-inch bleached damask, extra heavy, especially good for restaurant and hotel use, our Thanksgiving sale price, per yd.....$1.19
We are showing a very large line of very fine table Damask at special Thanksgiving sale prices, from $1.45 to, per yd...$2.65
18-inch all linen unbleached napkins, our Thanksgiving sale price, per doz.....89c
20-inch all linen napkins, regular value $1.25, our Thanksgiving sale price, per doz.....$1.15
22-inch all linen bleached napkins, regular value $1.50, our Thanksgiving sale price, per doz.....35c
We have many beautiful qualities up to, per doz.....$10.00

Table sets with napkins to match at the following special Thanksgiving sale prices:

68x72 inches, $5.50 to.....$8.00
68x81 inches, $6.00 to.....$8.00
68x90 inches, $7.00 to.....$9.00
70x90 inches, $7.00 to.....$10.00
70x108 inches, $7.50 to.....$15.00
72x81 inches, $7.50 to.....$15.00
72x90 inches, $7.00 to.....$25.00
72x108 inches, $8.00 to.....$25.00

Thanksgiving Sale Prices on:

Tray cloth, 10c to.....$1.50
Lunch cloths, 50c to.....$5.00
Center cloths, 25c to.....$1.25
Sideboard covers, 50c to.....$2.50

We are this season making a specialty of fine embroidered pieces. You will appreciate our special Thanksgiving prices on center clothes, finger bowl doilies, side board cloth, etc.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of S. W. N. Y.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD AT

Pickering's

COR. TENTH ST. AND PENN AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.

PICKERING'S, WIDE OPEN.

THIS IS TRULY PITTSBURG'S WIDE OPEN HOUSE

As far as you are concerned. You are welcome any time, the latch is untied and we will be glad to take your good money in exchange for the Wares on show. You are welcome at Pickering's, and we feel no compunction at seperating you from your loose change, because we are conscious of being able to give you in exchange therefor the sort of merchandise you will be proud to own. We insist on having an easy conscience. In arranging our Fall display, which, by the way, is the largest we have ever gotten together, we decided to make it a collection of special lines, individually selected at the factories, and get away from the commonplace and out of the rut. That's why we are so persistent in "rubbing it in."

We want you to know that if you are a reader of this journal that we are satisfied to give you all the credit you want. We will try to please you, knowing that a well-pleased customer always pays his bills.

That's Where We Stand in the Matter.

Don't Bother About Money **Your Credit's Good** Cor. Tenth & Penn PITTSBURG, PA.

If you live out of town we will trust you and pay the freight. Write for Catalogue. If you pay cash we will allow 10 per cent. discount from marked price.

Please Mention this Paper.

HENDERSON Fashion Hip Corsets.

"NEVER IN MY LIFE"

Said a customer the other day, "Have I felt comfortable and dressed up until I wore the

HENDERSON CORSET.

Do not forget I handle it.

Also the very new things in SHREDDED SPONGE BUSTLES, BUST FORMS and CORSET PADS.

All the good things in woolen and outing flannel goods.

MRS. M. L. BISETT.
THE CITY STORE.

It Isn't Too Early

To Think About

Boys' Clothes

Nor to Look at Clothes or Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

OCTOBER

is pretty well advanced. Our crop of FALL SUITS is the finest in our history. The richest plums drop first.

Get the New Fall Suit Now

There is a dash and style about our garments that appeals to every man who enjoys the appearance of success. And the appearance of success often leads it.

We believe we have the best $10 SUIT in town.

We believe we have the best $12 SUIT in town.

We believe we have the best $15 SUIT in town.

Come and see if you don't believe as we do.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

.....WE STILL GIVE PURPLE STAMPS.....

I have just received for your inspection my new line of

FALL DRESS GOODS

in the latest weaves and quality, prices to suit all. Call and look them over.

Plaids for children's school dresses at 15c the yard, good values.

I wish to call your attention to my new stock of

WALKING SKIRTS

made up of the latest cloths.

Many other new fall goods too numerous to mention are on my counters and shelves.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

October 1, 1904.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Have you used PALMER'S PERFUMES

If not do so. We carry a fine stock of these goods and feel sure they will please you. Also a full line of

Drugs, Medicines and Toilet Articles

In fact everything to make up a first class drug store.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD,

The Lindholm Company

DRY GOODS, CLOAKS, CARPETS, SHOES

Warm Underwear

Ladies White or Cream Ribbed Fleeced Unnderwear 25c per garment

Ladies' White or Cream Ribbed Heavy Fleeced Underwear 50c per garment

Ladies Grey or White Ribbed Wool Underwear $1.00 per garment

Ladies' and Misses' "Merode" Ribbed Wool Underwear 75c to $1.50 per garment

Ladies' Ribbed Fleeced Combination Suits 50c per suit

Ladies "Oneita" Ribbed Wool Mixed Combination Suits $1.50 to $2.00 per suit

Children's "Oneita" Ribbed Fleeced Combination Suits 50c per suit

Children's Fleeced and Wool Underwear, all sizes and qualities. Priced according to size.

Boys' Heavy Fleeced Underwear, all sizes 25c per garment

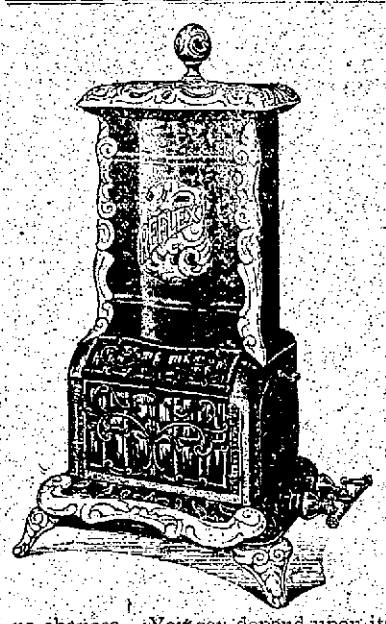
Boys' Heavy Fleeced Combination Suits 50c per suit

Men's Heavy Fleeced Underwear 50c per garment

Men's Heavy All Wool Underwear, a good $1.25 value $1.00 per garment

Ladies' and Misses' Outing Flannel Night Gowns in White and Colors 50c, 75c and $1.00 each

Mens's and Boy's Outing Flannel Night Shirts and Colors 50c to $1.00 each



Be sure you buy the time tried

REFLEX GAS HEATER

This stove we have sold for a number of years and its superiority over the many imitations that have flooded the market is conceded by everyone who knows anything about a stove. Others will tell you "that this and that stove is just as good as the Reflex." This ought to be convincing enough that THE REFLEX IS THE STOVE TO BUY. When you purchase a stove of us you take no chances. You can depend upon its doing just what we claim for it and in every case you will get value received.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 10, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Remember the dance at the Lyceum to-night.

—Consult Wm. Monheimer's change of advertisement.

—The euchre club, recently organized, met with Mrs. M. M. Gillette Monday afternoon.

—The hotels and boarding houses in town have been crowded to their utmost capacity this week.

—Remember the home talent entertainment at the Lyceum Friday, Nov. 18, for the benefit of Smethport Hose Co.

—The hose company at Cross Fork cleared nearly a thousand dollars at their fair last week. Not so bad, after all.

—With comic opera, teachers' institute, dance and football game the week has been pretty well taken up with amusements.

—W. B. Weaver, who stole a horse in Jamestown seven years ago and disposed of the horse in Bradford, was arrested in Lakewood last week.

—From the Eldred Eagle we learn that Mr. Clinton Stone and Miss Nellie Segling of Eldred were united in marriage at Portville on Monday of last week.

—The pupils of the seventh and eighth grades of the Smethport schools have a gymnasium in the school building and are constantly adding new apparatus to the same.

—The Potter Herald, a newspaper published in the interest of the Socialists of Potter county, has made its initial appearance. It is published in Austin and Emerson P. Jennings, Jr., is its editor.

—The contract for the construction of a gigantic air compressor to be used by the U. S. government at its naval station at Cavite, Philippine Islands, has been awarded to the Blaisdell Machinery Co. of Bradford.

—The big stone quarry at Rock Ledge has been closed, probably for the winter, although some work may be done before next spring. This is one of the most important industries in this part of the county, employing over 100 men at good wages.

—Thomas Harrington, a well-known and popular newspaper man of this place, has taken charge of the editorial department of the Johnsonburg Breeze. "Tom," as he is familiarly known by his many friends, is an able writer and his extensive travels make him a valuable man in the newspaper business.

—Refreshments served at the Lyceum to-night.

—Underwear is the topic of The Lindholm Co.'s new ad in this issue.

—The official tabulated vote of McKean county will be published next week.

—Rev. E. E. Holms of Buffalo delivered a lecture on "The Happy Medium" at the M. E. church Thursday evening.

—The ladies of the Baptist church will serve a chicken supper at the Hose House next Thursday evening. Your patronage is solicited.

—Kane banks have abolished the Saturday half-holiday system and hereafter will keep these institutions open until 9 o'clock Saturday evenings.

—The pastor's subject at the Baptist church next Sunday evening will be, "Turning the Other Cheek on the Christian Law of Non-Resistance." Regular service in the morning at 10:45.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subject of the instructions will be "The Open Door," and "The Meaning of Confirmation."

—Claude McClaren has accepted a position with J. W. Milligan and Mrs. McClintock a position as stenographer with the Bauer Insurance Co. Both are graduates of Warner's business college at Bradford.

—"God's Minority" is the subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. The boy choir will sing. "The Sign of the Cross" is the topic for the morning, preparatory to the observance of the Lord's Supper.

—The Buffalo Sunday Courier began last week giving away with each copy a pair of magic spectacles and a wonder photograph—the greatest novelty of the century. It is something that will instruct and entertain both young and old.

—The dance given by the Smethport Lyceum orchestra at the Lyceum last night was a well attended and highly enjoyable affair. At the request of a number of the dancers a dance will be given this evening at the same place. A number of ladies served a delicious lunch on the stage and will also do so this evening. The proceeds from the sale of refreshments will be used toward purchasing a calcium light plant for the Lyceum.

—Passengers on the B., B. & K. morning train Monday between Kane and Mt. Jewett were thrillingly entertained by a scrap between two men, who were presumably school teachers. The men indulged in a warm argument over educational matters and finally resorted to force. One of them landed a very strenuous blow upon the countenance of his opponent before the other passengers interfered and separated them.

—"El Capitan," as presented at the Lyceum Monday night was a very satisfactory entertainment and was greeted with a crowded house. While some members of the company are not up to the standard, the leading characters were well taken and the chorus was above the average. The company may not be the best on the road, but for all that it was one of the best attractions seen at the Lyceum and entertainments of its class can depend upon good patronage in Smethport.

Killed at Belmont.

A dispatch to yesterday's Era, from Belmont, N. Y., says:

In a game of football at the athletic grounds here this afternoon between Belmont and Friendship teams, Guy Karns, aged 20 years, of the latter eleven, was instantly killed in a scrimmage, receiving injuries to his chest by being trampled upon in a center rush. Karns played quarterback for the Friendship team and weighed but a few pounds over the 100 mark. In assisting to resist a line-attack he was felled to the ground and one of the heavier men on the opposing eleven accidentally stepped upon his chest, crushing it in on the left side in such a manner as to stop the action of the heart. When picked up he was found dead. An examination revealed the footprints on his chest, showing beyond a doubt the cause of death. The terrible accident occurred near the end of the second half of the game, with but two minutes to play, and it was decided to call the contest at once, the score standing 11 to 0 in favor of Belmont.

Krebey Lodged in Jail.

On Tuesday of last week Sheriff Chas. Mays went to Albany, N. Y., and secured requisition papers on John Krebey, who has been confined in the Little Valley jail since his murderous assault upon Maria Bianca at Larrabee, Sunday, October 9.

Thursday the Italian was brought to Smethport and lodged in jail and on Monday of this week was taken to Larrabee, where he was given a hearing before Justice Carpenter.

His victim, Maria Bianca, since the assault, has been an inmate of the county home, told the story of how Krebey enticed her away from the hotel at Larrabee and then slashed her with a razor, the details of which are familiar to MINER readers. Several other witnesses testified as to the finding of the woman after the crime, her condition, etc.

Justice Carpenter held Krebey under $2,000 bail on a charge of assault with intent to kill. He is now in jail.

Krebey denies all knowledge of the crime.

New Road Chartered.

The Clarion and Jefferson railroad company was chartered at the State Department in Harrisburg, on Monday October 17. The line of the road is given as follows: Beginning at or near the mouth of Mill Creek on the Clarion river, in Clarion county, Pa., at a point of intersection with the line of the Pittsburg, Summerville & Clarion railroad, thence in a northeasterly direction along the southerly side of Clarion river through the counties of Clarion, Jefferson and Elk to a point of intersection with the line of the Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern railroad at a point on the southerly side of the station of Hailton on the line of the said Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern railroad in the county of Elk and State of Pennsylvania. Following are the directors for the company: John G. Evans, James E. Reany, John B. Hover, Jr., John C. Frazer, John J. Heard, George B. Motheral, Robert T. Russel all of Pittsburg, Pa.—Searchlight.

Death of Dr. Gibson.

Dr. William R. Gibson, a well known physician of this city, died at the State Hospital in Warren, Monday at noon, aged 49 years. Dr. Gibson had been a patient at the hospital since last March. A general break down of his nervous system had taken place and medical skill was unable to aid him. He steadily grew weaker until death finally ended his career.

The deceased was a native of Scotland and a graduate of the University of Edinboro. He had practiced medicine in Bradford for about 15 years and was recognized as a physican of exceptional ability. He was widely known and highly esteemed in the community and there is much genuine sorrow over his untimely death. He is survived by his wife and three brothers, Robert, of Malta, O., and James and Frank Gibson of New Zealand.

The burial took place in the Warren cemetery Thursday morning at 10:30 o'clock.—Bradford Era.

Important Notice.

Notice is hereby given that hereafter the ordinance of this borough relative to obstruction of streets and sidewalks and nuisance, and depositing refuse matter, papers, etc. in the streets of the borough, and being ordinance No. 19, and providing for fines and penalties on convictions for violations thereof, will be strictly enforced, as therein provided.

CHAS. MCKEAN, Burgess.

Piano for Sale.

A new $400 Vose upright piano for sale very cheap for cash or on easy terms. Must sell as owner is going to leave town. Call at once at the Wright House and inspect it. S. A. Powell

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

Edison gold moulded phonograph records are the londest and most durable. Prices reduced to 35c.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hydes and furs.

Personal Mention.

E. W. Strong had business in Bolivar last Saturday.

A. J. Warshofsky had business in Clermont Monday.

James A. McKean had business in Bradford last Thursday.

Commissioner Peterson was a business visitor in Bradford this week.

Miss Ruth Shepard of Port Allegany is visiting Mrs. W. O. Herzog.

George Shepard was over from Port Allegany on business Tuesday.

Carl R. Bard of Port Allegany was a business visitor in town Monday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup returned Tuesday from a visit at Port Allegany.

Editor S. R. Lindsley of the Democrat had business in Bradford Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hall of Port Allegany visited Smethport relatives this week.

Miss Rachel Mayo, who is teaching school at Springer, is home for the institute.

Mrs. C. H. Gleason and daugter, Miss Ora, are visiting in Friendship, N. Y., this week.

Elmer Ramer came up from Olean on Friday and was the guest of his parents until Monday.

Mrs. E. Byden and children returned Saturday evening from an extended visit in Sweden.

W. B. Daniels of Smethport, spent Sunday with friends in town.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Will Collinge of the Kane Republican was an interested spectator at the football game yesterday.

Editor N. H. Knapp of the Austin Republican was the guest of Smethport friends over Sunday.

Mrs. B. L. Knapp went to Warren Tuesday to attend the funeral of the late Dr. W. R. Gibson.

Miss Bertha Ellingsfield was over from Smethport for the dance Monday evening.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett left last night for New York where she will spend several days purchasing holiday goods.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy are at Shelby, Ohio, this week, called there by the serious illness of their daughter Mrs. J. F. Olmstead.

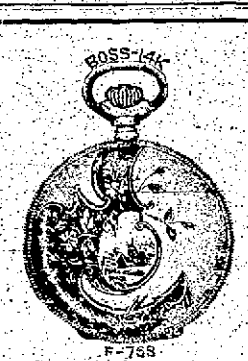
Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Cunningham left Tuesday for Clarion where they will attend the wedding of their granddaughter, Miss Loretta Butterfield.

Dr. E. R. Baker and Daniel Bacon returned home Saturday from a week's hunting in Centre county. Each brought home a large wild turkey besides some small game.

Frank Maltby of Roulette is in attendance at institute this week. Mr. Maltby formerly worked at the printing business, but discovered his mistake in time and is now engaged in teaching 50 youngsters in the Coleman school.

You men who still cling to the to-order-habit should look in at our Fall Suit and Overcoat Selection—they have all the ear marks of CUSTOM TAILORING. It's the good cloth and excellent workmanship that makes 'em right and keeps their shapes. It will not cost you a cent to come in and see the Suits and Overcoats we offer at from $10.00 to $18.50.

WM. MONHEIMER.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

BARGAINS FROM THE NEW BASEMENT.

During the past week the carpenters have been busy in the basement of our store fitting up a new home for the Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Rugs, Lace Curtains, Draperies, Window Shades, Bedding and kindred stocks. During the Holidays will display in this room an immense line of the newest toys and games.

To quickly get you acquainted with this new basement store and fix it in your mind as a place of exceptional values we offer for Friday and Saturday of this week.

60 Smyrna and Axminster Rugs one-fourth less than regular values all sizes from 17x38 in. @ 85c to 48x86 in. @ 4.50

$1.00 Wire Door Mats 15x28 in. @ 75c, other sizes in proportion.

$1.50 Cocoa Matts 18x30, red wool border @ 1.18

$1.35 Ruffled Net Curtains, 2½ yd. long @ per pair 98c

$3.60 Lace Curtains, 3½ yd. long @ per pair 2.48

50c Ingrain Carpets, 8 pieces only, @ per yard 39c

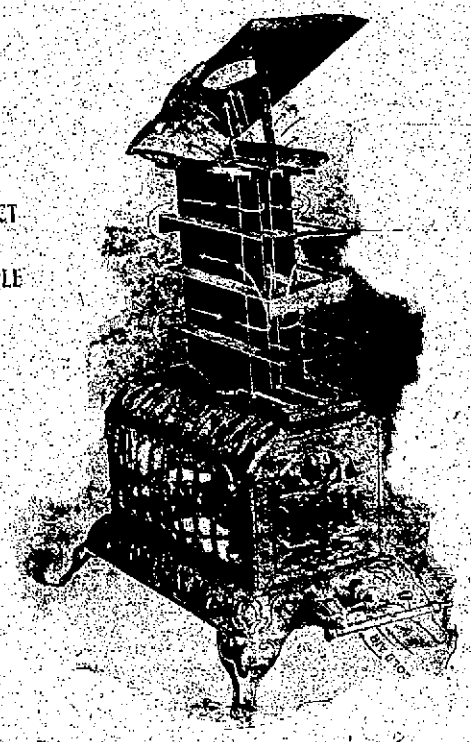
$1.50 Bed Spreads, full regular sizes, @ 1.18

Three Styles: Hemmed, Fringed, Fringed with cut corners.

FRY & COMES.

The Lawrence Triplex.

THE INDIRECT FLUE PRINCIPLE



This sectional view of the Triplex Heater shows very clearly the interior construction, showing the long indirect flue as marked by the arrows, by means of which the heat is retained upon the radiating surface as long as it is possible in any stove and at least three times as long as it is in other direct flue heaters. These facts, together with the very powerful independent burners, make it not only the most efficient, but the most economical heater made.

We also offer Garnet Jewel and Monarch Calorific, which gives you a selection from the 3 most popular heaters made.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds. . . .

DIAMONDS — WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING :::

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

HEADQUARTERS

For Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel.

We are prepared for the largest Winter Business in our history. Large stocks rightly bought and low priced is a combination that cannot be beat and spells quick sales.

Of course the choicest bargains go first.

Buy your Winter Hat now. We have a large and complete assortment.

Just received a new lot of Winter Waists, latest styles and colors. Also can show you an elegant line of silk petticoats Quality guaranteed.

Mercerized skirts from 98c to $2.75.

Do not fail to look at our new line of Rain Coats, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Furs, Gloves, Belts, Underwear, etc.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

One Eleanor—And Another

By Rita Kelley

Copyright, 1904, by Rita Kelley

Boyd Thompson was putting in his second day at the St. Louis exposition. Even though he had seen the wonders of two continents since leaving college he was a little awed, even oppressed by the very tremendous amount of ingenuity and beauty spread before him.

He stopped at the end of the Grand basin and, pushing back his straw hat from his handsome dark face, drew out his tobacco pouch and carefully rolled a cigarette. The air was sizzling. The sun beat down on the immensity of white buildings and sparkled maddeningly in the folds of the cascade and the ripples in the wake of the gondolas as they darted to and fro. He was telling himself that all this was too much for one man to see alone. He blew out a wreath of smoke and looked disinterestedly at the passing throng. Yes, if he did not run across some one he knew before night he was going to pull out for home.

He strolled toward the main entrance and stopped to admire an extremely pretty girl in cool green linen standing by one of the pillars of the Liberal Arts building.

"By Jove!" he said as he made a wide detour behind her and came around at the other side. "I know that girl. Hang it! What's her name?"

He walked slowly past her again. She was absorbed in a scrutiny of the Triumphal causeway. How refreshingly cool she was in that green dress. Her hair gleamed gold in the sun. That was just the trouble—her hair. If it were only brown! Boyd ran over the names of all the blonds he had known. Bertha Semple, Caroline French? Bah! They had been fat and puggy.

He doubled on his steps and strolled back nonchalantly, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. But wasn't she a princess! He tried to smooth out the pucker in his brow and look pleasant. Hang it all! She was as much alone as he was, and she would be gone in a moment. His mind raced frantically among the girls of two continents in search of the missing name.

"If she just had brown hair, now," he said, staring at her unmistakably gold curls. Suddenly he realized that he was standing stock still and the brown eyes of the girl in the green dress had swept from the Triumphal causeway and were looking into his with ill concealed amusement. Instantly his face cleared. He swept off his hat with a charming bow and went toward her, smiling.

"Miss Haskell?" he said, holding out his hand. "Miss Eleanor Haskell?"

She looked at him amazed, but at sound of the name she smiled, too, questioningly.

"I fear you have the better of me, though," she said as he took her hand, "you are"—

"Boyd Thompson, yes, of Northwestern," he finished for her.

"Oh, I don't remember!" She passed one slim hand over her brow and looked embarrassed. "But I've sure enough been to Northwestern," she said, flashing a smile at him, "and," triumphantly, "yes, I remember your face."

"One's memory for names is often fickle. Why, do you know, I had the dence of a time recalling yours just now, and I was afraid every minute you'd take a notion to go before I could get it by the tail feathers, so to speak. But I did, you see, and I always remember faces." He leaned over and smiled down at her. "Are you enjoying the show?" he asked sweetly.

"Yes, but it's too overwhelming to enjoy alone, and my friends are not due for a week or ten days, so I've decided to go home. I was just taking a farewell look as you came along."

"Come, now, that's jolly. I'm in the same fix. What do you say to doing the fair in partnership?"

And so it was finally arranged.

Later in the evening as he left her at the Hotel Napoleon Bonnparte he said, coming a step nearer: "You'll forgive me for staring at you so hard? I just couldn't remember your name on the instant."

"Yes, of course!" she laughed. "Because, do you know, I haven't been able really to place you yet, though I remember your name and your face perfectly."

"Well, we're even," he called back, and, thrusting his hands in his pockets, he sauntered toward the lobby.

Strange he should have thought she had ordinary brown hair. He said to himself, when this particular shade of gold was the prettiest thing for hair he had ever seen. Blondine? He threw away his cigarette. She wasn't that kind.

He thought of the few times he had seen her at armory parties and remembered that she danced divinely. He had not known her well, and she was a tramp for not thinking him presumptuous speaking to her now. As he picked his way through the crawded lobby he saw all around him slender girls in green dresses pulling gold hair away from their faces with a pretty movement of their hands.

* * * * * * *

They were sitting at the end of the Grand basin some nights later, a little back from the balustrade overlooking the water. Boyd was speaking as he slowly rolled a cigarette.

"Do you know, I am amazed to think how mistaken I was about you."

"I'm sorry to have disappointed you," she said.

"But you didn't. That's just the point." He leaned over suddenly, and his face took on a new seriousness. "And to think I missed all that time because I was fool enough to afraid of you!"

"What good time?" she asked quickly.

"Why, knowing you better before don't you see? You're the jolliest girl I've seen for a long time. If you hadn't thrown me over that day at the Liberal Arts building I never should have really known you probably. I'm glad you didn't. And the reason I couldn't think of your name was because I thought you should have brown hair instead of 'from all sure gold,'" he laughed.

She sat up straight with a start.

"Oh!"

"Why, what is it?" he asked solicitously. "What's the trouble?"

"Nothing. My feet just hurt from walking so much. I have blisters on both my heels."

Boyd looked grieved at this announcement. "Why didn't you say so? I wouldn't have kept you going so much. If you'll forgive me I'll promise to do better."

"Thank you. Possibly I shall no have to bother you any more. My friends come in the morning." Her voice was icy.

"And you are going to dismiss me like this? Why, we haven't seen a third of the show. I thought I was to guide the whole party."

"Thank you, I can manage very well. My cousin, for one, is quite capable of taking care of herself. She has been to Northwestern and—she has brown hair."

"Eleanor Haskell? What do you mean?"

"Yes, that's her name too. I might have known we looked alike, but nobody ever said so before. People are always falling in love with her and coming to me to be pitied. I hate her. I hate everybody, and I'm not going to have you hanging around like all the rest worshiping her and pouring your troubles into my ear. Heavens, there she is now! Go to her. I can get a car by myself!"

She was tired and unstrung.

Boyd turned and saw the original Miss Eleanor Haskell—the one he had met before—standing not ten paces away. She stood apart from her party of friends, looking over the balustrade at the gondoliers wielding thin flashing poles. He shrank farther back into the shadow of the shrubbery. She was tall, stately and dark as of old and the peculiar feeling of mingled admiration and fear came back to him. Neither he nor the girl beside him stirred. He felt sure she was watching him, and he waited. The party called to the dark girl, and she finally turned away. They heard her say calmly, unemotionally: "Yes, it is rather good. I'm glad we got the night view first. Do you suppose there is any chance of our finding Eleanor?"

The two on the settee in the shadow were motionless as the group passed by, not noticing the young people seated close together in the shadow.

When they were well out of hearing Boyd leaned over suddenly, letting his cigarette drop between his feet.

"I have much to thank your cousin for," he said slowly, "for without her I should not have known you." He stopped and picked up a bit of gravel from the path. "And without her advent here tonight I should not have dared to tell you for some time that I love you."

The girl beside him moved away just a trifle.

"You will think me an unutterable cad for saying this, but it seems necessary to speak or lose you, and I don't want to do that. If you don't care for me please believe that I am sincere."

After a pause.

"Do you?"

"What?"

"Believe I mean it?"

"Yes."

Another and a longer pause.

"Do you?"

"What?"

"Er—er—care for me?"

"Maybe!"

The Greatest Treasure.

Recently a gentleman entered a prominent bank in Berlin and said to the cashier: "I understand that you take charge of title deeds, jewelry and other treasures, and as I am about to start for America and will be absent for some time I wish to place in your hands something very valuable and which if lost could not be replaced."

"All right, sir," was the reply. "Bring it here whenever you please."

"And will you take the greatest possible care of it?" asked the gentleman.

"In our hands it will be perfectly safe," answered the cashier, "for it will be placed in a box in our vault, which no burglar can enter."

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all," exclaimed the gentleman, "for it would die without fresh air."

"Fresh air?" cried the astonished cashier. Then, recovering his usual self possession, he asked, "What is the treasure which you intend to place in our charge?"

"My wife," replied the gentleman, with a smile.—New York Herald.

Hot Water as a Cure.

No domestic remedy can equal hot water in cases of congestion of the lungs, rheumatism or sore throat if tried promptly and thoroughly. An acute attack of croup will be usually relieved in ten minutes if a towel or strip of flannel folded lengthwise and dipped into hot water, then slightly wrung out, be placed around the neck of the sufferer and covered so as to retain the heat. The same placed over the seat of pain will in most cases quickly give relief in neuralgia and toothache and laid over the stomach acts like magic in attacks of colic. Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the back of the neck and to the feet.

HOW FORESTS GROW

THERE ARE TWO GREAT TYPES, THE PURE AND MIXED.

One of the Marvelous Feats of Nature Is the Balancing of Conditions Where Trees of Different Habits Enter the Struggle For Existence.

The laws which govern the distribution of trees produce the two great types, the pure and the mixed forest. The former is the result of local conditions which trees of one kind only can survive.

In the North woods the balsam occupies the swamps, usually to the exclusion of all competitors, since no other of the native trees can thrive in wet places. In the Black Hills and other parts of the middle west the small demands of the bull pine upon moisture enable it to form pure woods on a soil too dry to support other native trees. The jack pine of the New Jersey barrens and the long leaf pine of the southern states grow in pure or nearly pure stands since they alone can withstand the peculiar conditions of these regions.

Where climate and soil are favorable to various trees we find the mixed forest, the number of species in mixture depending upon the suitability of the locality to forest growth.

Upon the hardwood flats of the Adirondacks the hard maple, the yellow birch and the beech are the only deciduous trees able to withstand the severe climate. In the southern Appalachian forests, where the trees of the north and south meet under conditions favorable to both, we find more than 100 different kinds.

The distribution of trees, therefore, is the joint result of local conditions and of the individual and varying requirements of the different species upon moisture, soil and climate. The laws, however, which govern forest distribution are not identical with those which regulate the behavior of trees in mixture. They do not explain why each species, if undisturbed, maintains the same proportion in the mixed forest. Why does not the hard maple drive out its competitors in the Adirondacks, the oak gain the upper hand in the forests of the southern Appalachians, the red fir exterminate the western hemlock on the Pacific slope?

Wherever a mixed forest occurs there is an unrelenting struggle going on. Let us see how the combatants are armed and why the representation of each species remains unchanged.

The more important of the characteristics which affect the capacity of a tree to hold its own in mixture with trees of other kinds are its demands upon light, its rate of growth and its power of reproduction. No two species require an equal amount of light, grow at the same rate or are identical in their capacity to reproduce themselves. The endowment of each, with habits differing from those of its neighbors, but with strength and weakness so balanced that all which occur in mixture enter the struggle for existence upon an equal footing, is one of the marvelous feats of nature.

The red spruce of the North woods, through its ability to endure dense shade, has been given the power to hold its own against faster growing competitors, some of which exceed it greatly in their capacity to reproduce themselves. The young spruces which spring up here and there throughout the forest struggle along under the heavy crowns of the hard woods, where a tree making more insistent demands upon light could not survive.

In the forests of the southern Appalachians the oak is in many localities the characteristic tree. Growing rapidly and exceedingly hardy, it might be expected to increase steadily its proportion in the mixture. The equilibrium is maintained through the fact that the oak can endure but little shade and that its seed is heavy, limiting its reproduction to the immediate vicinity of the parent tree.

In the same region the yellow poplar and the chestnut, both trees which grow rapidly and are capable of enduring considerable shade, are controlled, the one because much of its seed is barren, the other because many of the nuts are eaten by animals. And the red cedar, of slow growth and sparse representation, is aided through the distribution of its seeds by birds, with their power to germinate unimpaired.

The aspen, short lived and requiring much light, holds its own with longer lived and shade enduring trees because its downy seed is produced in great quantities and is scattered far and wide by the wind. The ash and the basswood, of rapid growth and bearing an abundance of seed, are withheld by strong demands upon light and by the seed of a fresh and fertile soil. The red fir, equaled by few North American trees in rapidity of growth and otherwise well equipped to gain the upper hand in its region, is controlled through the usual failure of its seed to germinate except when accident has removed the leaf litter and exposed the mineral soil.

The study of trees as living, striving organisms in a world of their own lends an almost human interest to the forest. Every day spent in the woods will be the pleasanter for some insight gained into what is going on within it, and an earnest observer can gain knowledge of practical value by an attempt to discover the factors which control the occurrence of trees in mixture. Forestry, which deals with the development of the highest utility of forests, means a thorough understanding of the habits of trees.—Overton W. Price in Youth's Companion.

There is entirely too much time taken up every day trying to help those make up their minds who don't know what they want.—Atchison Globe.

THE SCENE PAINTER.

He Plays an Important Part in Staging a Modern Play.

When a play has been accepted for production it is sent to the scene painter, who goes over it carefully, taking note of all details to be reproduced. Then, if the subject is difficult, he makes a sketch of it in the flat. If this proves satisfactory to manager, actor and author, he builds it up in a miniature model on the scale of half an inch to the foot as perfect in proportion and exquisite in detail as the finished scene. An old gentleman lately, looking over a collection of models in one of the New York studios, remarked that his granddaughter would be delighted to have them for doll houses. The proprietor of the studio smiled to himself. The models for a single play cost well up toward a thousand dollars. For an ordinary four act comedy the models, scenes, properties and costumes cost, let us say, five or six thousand dollars. The cost of the great scenic productions is never as much as the press agents say, but has been known to exceed $100,000.

When the model is approved, the stage carpenter takes measurements for such framework as may be necessary. The clumsy construction of the old days has given way to the solidest sort of building. Windows slide in their sashes; doors slam, shut and lock. Staircases are solid to the tread. Trees are built up in the round, and columns are turned out of solid wood. But as every show is intended to travel among all the great cities of the continent the heaviest scene must be made up of pieces short enough to be packed in a freight car.

The scene painter marks out the pieces of his model in tiny squares and then hangs a huge canvas beside the paint bridge with corresponding squares in scale. The draftsman stands on the bridge with a piece of charcoal on a stick like a billiard cue and square by square copies the lines of the model, while an assistant raises and lowers the cloth with tackle. Then the body paint is put on, and the details are added until the cloth is complete.—John Corbin in Scribner's.

A WOMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

There ain't no possible good 's c'n come o' lendin' money to them 's ain't able to pay it back.

'S fur 's my observation 's extended, it's always folks a long ways off 's it's wisest to lay all faults to.

No woman as 's goin' to fill in love ever ought to begin by marryin' another man first. It mixes things all up.

'S far 's my observation 's extended, no one don't ask for advice 'unless they've pretty well made up their mind not to take it.

It's better for you to learn the lesson 's fill is vanity now than to wait 'n' have it fall on your head like a unexpected pickle jar.

I didn't get my trunk down 'cause I'll have Friday to pack anyhow, 'n' any one c'n slide a trunk down a ladder any time, but nobody can't never slide nothin' up nowhere.—"Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop," by Anne Warner.

Vivisection.

There is a knowledge which is heavenly, a knowledge which is human and a knowledge which is diabolic; there is a knowledge which is blessed and a knowledge which is accursed. The first is ennobling and elevating and lifts man toward God. The second is debasing, degrading, and drags men toward the pit. The knowledge gained by rooting amid the groans and agonies of living creatures, whom their Maker and ours put into our power, to teach us mercy, as he gives mercy to us, is such an accursed knowledge that only demons could seek for it, and it can turn to no human good. "Science" so gained is not for men, but for devils.—Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson in Success.

Battles in the Snow.

Many great battles have been fought in the snow, Eylau and Hohenlinden being familiar examples. Austerlitz was fought in intensely cold weather, and the Russian losses were increased by Napoleon turning the fire of his artillery on the frozen lakes over which the Russians sought to retreat. In our civil war Fort Donelson was captured in February, Fredericksburg was fought in December, Stone River Dec. 31, 1862, Jan. 2, 1863, and Thomas defeated and ruined Hood's army at Nashville on the 15th and 16th of December, 1864.

His Mark.

It is well known that people who are unable to write usually use for their signatures the familiar cross or X. Why this sign is used instead of any other is not generally known. In times long gone by the early Christians used to sign with the cross to distinguish them from the heathen. Kings and nobles, too, were wont to affix a cross to documents, whether they could write or not, as a symbol that they pledged themselves to the Christian faith and thus to the truth of the matter to which the cross was affixed.

A Retort.

"You are not in it with me," said the nightingale, with a superior air. "You can't touch a high note at all."

"No?" replied the bird of paradise. "Why, even when I'm dead and embalmed on a bonnet I'll bet I'll come pretty near touching a fifty dollar note, all right."—Philadelphia Press.

To Clean Up Silver.

"They say alcohol will clean silver up nicely," remarked the man who acquires facts.

"It will," agreed the red nosed individual. "It cleaned up all my silver."—Philadelphia Record.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bonton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mahon, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Earle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Maxmer, secretary; G. R. Mayo, treasurer. W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Keeler, C. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rush, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Ridder.
Judge of Election—G. B. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 386, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. A. ANDERSON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 438, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns' Hall.

Z. O. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDEN, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 12 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:22 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:12 a. m. Baltimore 7:20 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:26 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:23 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:14 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:58 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

8:19 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:36 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 51, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv		Ar P M
2:30	Ridgway	12:01
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:55
2:55	Glen Hazel	11:19
3:07	Straight	11:07
3:13	Instanter	11:00
3:20	Smith's Run	10:55
3:29	Woodvale	10:46
3:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 4, leaving Ridgway at 2:30 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Timetable in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

5:20 a. m.—Daily except Sunday, for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Pittsburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

11:00 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R., East and West, and at Kane with P. & E. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m. and 3:40 and 6:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 p. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, General Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt, Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 8:25 a. m.), Ridgway (arr. 9:35 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:45 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.)

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:39 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.),

2:29 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:5 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:23 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

9:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 9:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:06 p. m.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:30 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 3:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:28 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 28, 1903.

Ar. Eastward.		STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M. P.M. A.M.
9.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25 9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32 9.18
7.40	0	1.52	Carpenter	0	2.34 9.-
7.40	6.48	1.53	Pickell	7.32	2.37 9.20
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc	7.37	2.42 9.32
7.-	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46 0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49 9.-
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55 9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06 10.05
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09 10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Franks	8.12	3.17 10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26 10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25 3.30 10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport		P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28 6.00 1.20
.0	0	12.13	Hammond	.0	0 .0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05 1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10 1.37
3.45	.0	12.59	Knowlton	0	6.17 .0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21 1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28 2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34 .0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0 .0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.03	6.40 2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M. P.M. P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. MCCLURE, Supt.

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A Twentieth Century Cinderella

By KATE M. CLEARY

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Jack Berenson caught sight of her as he was going to the office after lunch. He frequently caught sight of her, but this was the extent of their acquaintance. He had groaned more than once to think conventionality forbade a more extended one. She was not the kind of a girl with whom one might scrape up a bowing recognition, to be later elaborated in an exchange of commonplaces that might culminate in permission to call. Indeed, if she had been, it is safe to conclude Berenson would not have troubled his head about her, for he had a social position to maintain, a good deal of personal pride and more than the average sense of exclusiveness.

"Hello!" he said suddenly and stopped short.

The girl ahead had paused. She was evidently in some predicament, for she stooped as though to extricate herself or to pick up an article dropped. Almost at the same instant, however, a tremendous dray, piled with boxes, bore down upon her, and at the shout of the driver, who was striving to rein in his huge Percherons, she sprang toward safety and reached the sidewalk.

Berenson let the dray pass. Looking down directly on the spot where the girl had hesitated, he saw that which had arrested her, and, bending quickly, he pulled out of the thick, black, sticky mud an absurdly small rubber, with its wrinkles holding the arch of a high little instep.

"Well!" he ejaculated. "Here's luck!"

He felt ridiculously elated. So pleased did he look, in fact, that a friend, jostling him as he reached the opposite sidewalk, remarked his satisfaction.

"What gone up, Berenson?"

"No—rubber!" laughed Berenson, and his friend walked off, wondering what there was in fishing footwear out of the mire to make a fellow look so idiotically pleased.

"It was mighty muddy, too," he commented dispassionately.

This accusation could not be made against it an hour later, cleansed and polished to the highest possible degree by the man who kept the shoe stand

A GIRL—THE GIRL—CAME FROM AN ADJOINING ROOM.

in the office building where Berenson had a suit. He took his prize upstairs and deposited it, wrapped in tissue paper, on the top of his desk.

Then he sauntered to the window to look over at the skyscraper across the way, where at a certain window in a certain tier he had often seen a certain head. It was a shapely head, ringleted close as a baby's with sunny brown curls. Indeed, so frequently of late had he gone to his own casement to discover if that particular bonnie head and rose leaf face were within range of his vision that his business began to suffer from such erratic absences.

Not that Jack Berenson was bothering himself about business. During those minutes he stood, absorbed in day dreams, staring apparently at the uninteresting wall of an uninteresting building. He was thinking for the most part how strange it was that he who had come gayly up the road of life heart whole and fancy free until he had reached its thirtieth milestone should all at once be beset by the most chimerical hopes, the most futile desires, the most glorious if chaotic imaginings.

It was lunacy, he told himself—stark, staring lunacy—that he should go on his way with a bounding heart and a feeling of the most senseless exhilaration just because he had passed a girlish figure on the sidewalk, met the indifferent glance of violet, black lashed eyes looking forth from beneath a white brow or caught the faint, elusive perfume of her demure garments. And the worst of it was that he could not bring himself to be indignant with himself for being such a fool.

"You like to be a fool!" he told himself angrily. "You're hugging your folly! And much good will it do you! You've not got enough sense, Jack Berenson, to last a crazy man till breakfast time!"

With which final shot he was apt to break away from his vigil, return sternly to his desk and plunge into work until—until he began to wonder if she might have returned to her chair in the window or by any chance be going out. Though whether out or in, there had seemed slight chance of making her acquaintance before fate, in the guise of a treacherous street crossing, had placed a belonging of hers in his possession.

But when he had sallied forth with his pride his courage almost failed him. And when the elevator man let him off at the eighth floor, as bidden, it was an insane desire to make his immediate escape by way of the staircase that overwhelmed him. But he pulled himself together and went toward the suit of doctors' offices which he knew occupied that particular angle of the big building. Some of the physicians whose names were inscribed on the tablet in the corridor were friends of his.

"Hope I don't run into Norton or Schriener or MacIntyre!" he said. "Hope I don't!"

But he did—all three of them. They and a few of their professional associates had met in the reception room previous to attending a medical convention in a body. It seemed to poor Berenson, standing helplessly in the doorway with his package in his hand, that the place was packed with eyes—curious, inquisitive, mocking eyes!

But a few voices called out pleasantly enough, "Hello, how d'ye do, Berenson?" And MacIntyre came forward, with a smile that made his ugly countenance quite charming.

"Your—the young lady"— stammered Jack. He held out the package much as though it were a letter of introduction. "She lost this, and"—

"Oh, I see!" The doctor turned hastily. "Miss Meredith!" he called.

A girl—the girl—came from an adjoining room. She looked lovelier than ever without her hat and coat. Her soft green gown fitted her as its sheath fits a hoyer. And the pretty, bewildered look in her eyes made them look more than ever like violet stars.

Berenson knew then how a man felt who performs a feat of daring in the cannon's mouth.

"I was behind you this noon," he began, "and when you lost this"—

"Oh, thank you!" she interrupted, comprehending at once and taking the offered bundle. "You were very kind to bring it to me!"

"Vera," MacIntyre said, "let me introduce to you Mr. Berenson. You have often heard Alice mention him, I am sure. Jack, this is Miss Meredith, my wife's sister!" And then as they bowed he went on by way of explanation, "Vera has been looking after callers at the offices here during the past six months. She would work; you know what girls are!"

Jack didn't know, but he mentally decided to remain ignorant no longer. He would remedy his deficiencies in this respect as soon as possible, at least as far as this one bewitching maiden was concerned. And he vowed that he had never before guessed what a thoroughly delightful chap MacIntyre was until he heard the latter saying before he went off with his friends:

"Oh, I say, Berenson, come to dinner tomorrow night. Quite informal, you know. Six o'clock. Alice will be infinitely glad to see you!"

Jack looked doubtfully into the violet eyes.

There was a smile in them, though the lips were sweetly serious.

"I'll come!" promised Jack fervently. He wrung his friend's hand vigorously in the ardor of his friendship. "Lord, yes, I'll come!"

And he said to himself as he strode back to his office with his head in a whirl that it might not be quite so romantic to finding a rubber in Chicago mud as a slipper on a ballroom floor, but that it had its—possibilities! It would serve!

Why We Yawn and Stretch.

During sleep the respiration is shallow, and the expansion of the lungs is insufficient for active movement. It is necessary therefore to fully expand the lungs on waking before or as soon as active movements commence. This is effected by a yawn, which is a deep respiration assisted by the wide opening of the mouth.

The depth of the inspiration is often assisted by raising the arms above the head and by throwing forward the chest, and thus yawning and stretching are only parts of one inspiratory effort.

Stretching also aids the return of the blood to the muscles. During sleep the circulation is feebler, and the skin seems to be supplied with blood at the expense of the muscles, and on waking the limbs are stretched to insure their being in working order and to restore to them their normal waking blood supply.

Toward night it is not uncommon for a similar reduction in the depth of the inspiration and slowing of the circulation to take place, and this is corrected by a similar yawning and stretching as on waking.

Hospitals.

Hospitals, as we now understand the term, are of modern growth. True it is, as Mr. Burdett tells us in the historical section of "Hospitals and Asylums of the World," that in the records of Egypt and ancient India we find allusions to institutions that foreshadow the hospitals of later times, and even our asylums for sick animals are borrowed from the east.

An inscription engraved on a rock near the city of Surat tells how Asoka, a king who reigned in Gujerat in the third century B. C., commanded the establishment of hospitals in all his dominions and placed one at each of the four gates of the royal city of Patna. Six hundred years after this Fa Hian, an intelligent Chinese traveler who visited India in 399 A. D., records that Asoka's hospitals still existed and flourished, but the successive floods of conquest swept all away, and by the beginning of the nineteenth century only a hospital for animals remained of all the pious king's foundations.—Quarterly Review.

EQUIVALENCE IN NATURE.

"To Every Action There Is an Equal and Opposite Reaction."

We shall search in vain for any demonstrated truth concerning the system of nature, for any law, rule or axiom of physics which does not rest fundamentally upon the equivalence of action and reaction, of cause and effect. "The straight line joining the sun and planet must pass over equal areas in equal times," is Kepler's law. "At any point in a fluid at rest the pressure is equal in all directions," is Pascal's principle. "A body immersed in a fluid is buoyed up by a force equal to the weight of the fluid displaced," is the principle of Archimedes. "The angles of incidence and reflection are in the same plane and are equal," is the law of reflection. "The reciprocal of the principal focal length is equal to the sum of the reciprocals of any two conjugate focal lengths," is the law of converging lenses. "The current is equal to the electro motive force divided by the resistance," is Ohm's law. "The disappearance of a definite amount of mechanical energy is accompanied by the production of an equivalent amount of heat," is Joule's principle. Observe how perfectly these and the other principles and laws of physics agree with Newton's law of motion, "To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction."

The universality of equivalence is broadly expressed in the law of the conservation of energy. "When one form of energy disappears, its exact equivalent in another form always takes its place." This law, accepted by modern science, leaves no ground for the assumption that there can be a failure of equivalence in motion or transformation.

Can we say that the equivalents which return persistently in motion and transformation are compensatory? Yes; the return of an exact equivalent is exact compensation. Heat is the compensation for the fuel that produces it; electricity is the compensation for the energy that is transformed into it, one molecule of water is the compensation for two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen. A definite amount of matter or force pays for exactly the same amount in another form. That which disappears and that which succeeds are initially compensatory. Effort pays for heat, and heat pays for fuel. The account balances perfectly. Nature has no profit and loss account, no bad debts, no failures in compensation.

The assumption that anything can exist in the physical world without exact compensation appeals to the scorn alike of science and of common sense. Our patent office in Washington refuses to consider devices to produce perpetual motion, not because that office would place an arbitrary limit on the possibilities of mechanical invention, but because effect without cause, power without compensation, is impossible.

We shall be justified in the conclusion that the principle of balance presides over the processes of nature in the small as well as in the large—alike in atoms, satellites and suns—and that every transformation of matter and force, great or insignificant, includes the return of exact equivalents and compensation.—From "Balance: The Fundamental Verity," by Orlando J. Smith.

The Modern Courtier.

The duties of an "equerry in waiting," put as concisely as possible, are: To make his royal master's life as smooth and easy as possible, to be discreetly sympathetic with him in sorrow and in joy, to save him so far as it is humanly possible from the trouble of thinking for himself, to know and have committed to memory the characteristics and family history of all persons who are worth the notice or friendship of the royal patron, to have ready at finger tips the truth of all scandals and gossip in the elect circle in which he moves and to be in a quiet and gentlemanly manner surprised at nothing.

It has been said that an equerry must not look bored, yet a casual scrutiny of the faces of those who have been long in office betrays the fact that nature, after all, asserts her power over artificiality, however hard the striving may be to circumvent her. One of the most surprising facts regarding royal persons is that apparently they never tire of the one particular set who surround them at home and whom they ask to meet their abroad. Royalties choose whom they will receive and whom they will meet. Possibly their attendants are of a more unstable mind and weary of the same old faces which they once knew young; hence the jaded, weary look so often observable as a settled mask on the countenance of the courtier.—Chambers' Journal.

Birds at Close Range.

Birds will come into your yard if you encourage them. Place an ordinary starch box at such an angle that it will have a slope to the roof in a tree or on a post high enough to be out of the reach of cats, and it will soon have a tenant. See that there is a little bathtub near at hand for them. It may be sunk in the ground and may be partly filled with stones so the birds can light upon them if there are no cats around. If there are you will have to put the bathtub on a stake. Birds will eat almost any kind of seeds or berries that grow on shrub, tree or vine. If there are not enough of these you can help out their menu by planting sunflowers and cornflowers in the garden.

They will come about the house, too, for crumbs, and you are sure to attract many of the feathered tribe if you put out in times of food scarcity a mixture made of cornmeal, pea meal and German moss, with enough molasses and melted lard to make a batter. Put it in dishes on shelves or porch roofs to see the birds gather about it.

The Mission of the Tomato Bisque

By RUTH SANTELLE

Copyright, 1904, by Ruth Santelle

Major Blackburn was possessed of a temperament no more irascible than that of the average gentleman of his age. Moreover, the dignity of that age might have gone unsuspected by virtue of his boyish face and genial if somewhat pompous manner had it not been for the telltale appurtenances of a veteran's title and a great grown-up son of the modern, broad shouldered type.

But the major was inclined to take it good naturedly. Aspiring to youthfulness in old age was not one of his hobbies. He was guilty, nevertheless, of two—a pet ideal and a pet aversion. The first was an imaginary picture he had conjured up of an old time girl who scorned "higher education" and devoted herself to the acquisition of an endless string of housewifely accomplishments. The second was tomatoes. Utterly unfit to eat! He knew it beyond hope of conversion. Furthermore, they sickened him unto death—upon his word as a gentleman and soldier.

His thoughts were neither of the visionary maid nor the detested vegetable as he strode up and down the aisle of the utility car. They had been fighting snow and wind since 4 p. m. and now it was 10, and the drifts piled higher. Something had happened to the steam pipes, and comfortable warmth was fast becoming a more and more distant memory. Worst of all, they had not yet succeeded in reaching the place where the dinner was taken on, and, dinnerless, the major was unhappy.

"Where in the world are we, and what are we stopping for this time?" he growled as a little nosed brakeman swung through.

"Stopping because we can't go no further," was the answer. "This here's Graves Station, and we're telegraphing for relief. Let you know directly," as he disappeared.

"Comforting, to say the least!" Windows so frosted you can't see out. Probably nothing to see if you could. How a cup of coffee now would cheer a man's soul!"

The major's dismal reflections were interrupted by a clear, ringing laugh. Irresistibly he stopped by the seat of the fresh cheeked, tailored girl in the wide hat who had been variously ministering to the hungry, cold, tired cargo. Now, she had a youngster in her lap, sliding its fretting with bites of juicy orange. It looked inviting.

"I am sorry to say," came the conductor's voice from the doorway, "that the drifts make it impossible for us to go on. We have sent for the plow to release us, and it can probably get here in two hours. As all trains after 6 o'clock are through expresses, the station is closed for the night, so I am afraid"—

A chorus of groans drowned the rest of the announcement. Helplessly and hopelessly they looked at each other. The tailored girl alone, slipping the child from her knees, held a moment's consultation with the conductor. Then she called cheerfully:

"I am organizing a foraging expedition. May I ask for volunteers, please? Four men, I think—young ones. We'll let the rest of you help when we see what's to be done."

The response was instantaneous. She had to be firm in accepting the four who reached her first. Like a captain, she managed her crew in undisputed sway, and before the now interested crowd could grow impatient they found themselves filing through hastily shoveled paths into the station's single building, almost warm already with a huge fire in the stove.

"It wasn't a bit hard to get in," whirled the captain, now playing hostess. "We found quantities of wood, and if you're all very good and don't hinder we may find you something eatable in due time. Now, you," to the flattered major, "keep everybody else amused some way while we get supper."

"That girl is a—a—brick!" he murmured admiringly and proceeded to obey orders to the best of his ability.

The merry cries from the kitchen end of the establishment helped him in his efforts.

"Crackers!" carroled the captain encouragingly. "Half a barrel full. And a can of cream frozen almost solid. I'll have to sweeten some for dessert."

A few moments of laughter and apparent investigation.

"Now, a girl like that!" the major was pondering, unable to keep his jealous glance from wandering.

Then a burst of triumph from the kitchen: "Oh, see what I've found! Cans and cans of them! Now for a feast!"

Then a period of busy silence and strengthening odors.

In less time than the famished travelers had dared hope they were ranged before bowls brimming with a steaming and savory concoction, the very sight of which increased their faith in a sheltering Providence.

"Fall to, fall to!" urged the apparently untired girl, waving a long ladle like a magician's wand. "There are gallons and gallons, and I don't want to see a motionless spoon till every drop has vanished."

They needed no second invitation. As the major leaned back after a fourth polishing of his bowl the girl came up with a platter. "Take this," she whispered, "and gather the biggest sort of a collection to leave in payment for our entertainment."

And the plate grew heavy as he went the rounds, supported by the voice of the girl from her stool pedestal.

Then came the dish washing—("Is there anything that girl won't think of?" wondered the major)—and a round of lively games, upon which broke the welcoming shriek of the snowplow.

And how the winter night was rent with cheer upon cheer for the captain as once again they boarded the train with a fair passage ahead!

The major by force captured the seat beside her.

"We can't begin to thank you, of course. It was a case of salvation pure and simple. And that stew—perfectly delicious! If I might ask you to accept my card"—

As she took the bit of pasteboard she started and flushed; then, with a fluttering apology, was off to adjust the wraps of an old lady who was trying to get a nap. And when at the first stop she left the train, escorted by a bodyguard six or eight strong, with a musical "Goodby, everybody, and bon voyage!" over her shoulder, the major felt that his advances had not been warmly received.

During the two days which the major and his son, who had gone ahead, spent over the business which had called them from home the younger man found his patience tried by the incessant allusions to "the girl who saved our lives."

"A girl like that, Warren, would make a wife worth having! Capable to the last degree! None of your aesthetic ethics about her. What you can see in that college creation you're so determined to"—

"If you please, father, remember that I am engaged to marry Miss Berkeley and cannot countenance slighting remarks even from you. If you would only consent to see her you would not feel so, I know."

"Well, well, never mind! But a girl like that I could welcome as a daughter," was the regretful response.

On the return trip, by daylight, the major grew visibly excited as they neared the town where the girl had stopped.

"I'll watch closely, Warren, if she should happen to be at the train I could point her out."

"Yes-es," drawled Warren absently; then he started forward as the train pulled in. "Marcia! Why what in the world"—

But his father was peering through the window. "By Jove, there she is! And she's—my eyes—she's getting on! Don't be excited, Warren, if you can help it."

And the major turned to see his dignified son dashing down the aisle; then he held his breath as he saw him warmly greet the angel of the midnight feast.

"Father, this is Miss Berkeley—Marcia," began Warren persuasively, when, to his surprise, the maiden said:

"I have met your father before, though Major Blackburn did not at the time know me."

Father and son gazed from each other to the girl. Comprehension dawned simultaneously. Then the major put out both hands, with laughter in his eyes.

"But, Marcia," questioned Warren, as they seated themselves, "I don't understand yet. Why are you away from the university?"

"Three days' leave of absence for experimental sociology."

"Marcia," said the major, admiration and wonder controlling his voice, "that stew! I didn't know college girls ever did such things."

"My tomato bisque?" she laughed. "I am famous for that in my chafing dish and found just the right things."

"Tomato," gasped the major, sinking back weakly. "That wasn't tomato! I—I—guess I never tried any before. It was very nice."

Seed Armor.

Plant seeds are incased in a hard covering, upon which the gastric juice of animals takes no effect, and it is this natural protection which preserves what is so necessary to reproduce the support of animal life. It is only when a seed is crushed and its vital principal in consequence destroyed that the gastric juice acts upon it, and it is soon dissolved.

It is for this reason that birds are provided with gizzards to break the protecting coats of the grain, and animals that feed on seeds and nuts strip them of their shells and husks.

In succulent fruit, such as the strawberry, raspberry, currant, apple, orange and melon, which from their nature are attractive to the taste, the seeds, which are often likely to be swallowed, are fortified by a doubly protective coating so that they pass unharmed through the digestive organs, and their germinating powers may even be improved by the warmth and trituration of the stomach.—London Standard.

Swedish Women.

Reverence for women is one of the immemorial Scandinavian characteristics. The women themselves are emulous of masculine achievement and are keen for obtaining the same civil rights. The woman of the south dominates by her charm, the woman of the north by her force of mind. Each has a love of physical activity and a thirst for knowledge. Coeducation prevails everywhere in the schools. In no other country is the woman who is obliged to earn her own living better cared for. All positions and all the professions are open to her. She may be doctor, professor, journalist, manufacturer, without losing her woman's position in the world. The first transportation company of Stockholm was founded by a woman and by her directed with success. Many printing shops employ women exclusively. There has, of course, been the unpreventable consequence of this, that Swedish women have grown indifferent toward marriage, and the number of independent women has increased.—Revue de Paris.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

THE SPIDER'S LARDER.

A Trap Stronger Than Steel and Its Gluttonous Builder.

Near a sunny wall in an old garden hangs a web, depending from the lowest branch of an apple tree and fastened down with miraculous skill to the dry seed pods of a stout larkspur. A score of subsidiary lines run here and there to strengthen the main support near the point at which it is fastened, and the web itself, like a gigantic, filmy starfish, swings strong and elastic in the breeze. There is a buzz and a boom, and plump into the net goes a fat bluebottle. He sticks as though he had run up against a "catch 'em alive o'" of man's fashioning. He is in worse case—in a trap stronger than steel. Each of these silvery strands will bear a weight of three grains, which is 50 per cent more than the carrying capacity of steel of the same thickness, and the perfect regard of the builder to angles and leverage has made the strength a hundredfold greater. Moreover, though the naked eye cannot detect them, there are scattered over that web—the whole a forty minutes' creation—some 80,000 globules of glutinous matter, which sticks to his legs and wings and bind him the faster for every struggle he makes. Still the bluebottle throbs and buzzes and protests. And now a miracle happens.

The spider, a great, fat ogress, with fulous like dirted reaping hooks, swoops across the web and seizes him in her horrible embrace. He thrills and struggles in vain. All of a sudden he is shot round, and you see that she was woven in a hood of silk about his head. Then as an acrobat juggles a barrel with his feet, so she spins him round with hers. Three or four revolutions suffice, and within thirty seconds of her first grasping him he is enveloped bodily in a cocoon of thick, gluttonous silk and hung up in the rigging to await her pleasure. His sturdy legs are bent the wrong way about, fluttered against his sides; his wings are crumpled close against his body. And there helpless he hangs, like a ham from a beam, while his terrible captor finishes the meal at which she has been disturbed. Presently she returns. She releases the under part of his bonds and with her powerful jaws punctures him in half a dozen places and drains him of blood. Another bluebottle, then a third, arrives. She pounces upon and enmeshes both in turn and renews her feast. Three bluebottles and a score of lesser deer adorn her larder at the same time, and she feasts, untiring. I looked for her this morning. One cocoon with its prisoner remains, no more. She herself is in the apple tree, sleeping off the effects of yesterday's debauch of blood.—St. James' Gazette.

Exclusive Schools For Girls.

The average American is not aware that there are girls' schools in this country which he could not get his daughter into if he devoted his life to the work. The tuition fee at these schools is from $2,000 to $3,000 a year, and even an eligible pupil, to enter one of them, must have had her name enrolled from her babyhood.

There are perhaps five superlatively aristocratic girls' schools in America, and to be one of their graduates is considered by young women a far greater honor than to be a graduate of an ordinary college.

The schools are situated as a rule in beautiful and quaint old villages. The number of their pupils is limited. The surveillance is extremely strict. The courses are good, but not quite so good, perhaps, as the food. Indeed, in one institution it is notorious that the chef gets a higher salary than the Latin teacher.

The stockholders of these schools are usually their graduates. It is the stockholders who pass on the applicants for admission, and one blackball, as is the rule of clubs, bars out an applicant irremediably.—New York Press.

Apparitions After Death.

How are we to explain apparitions of the dead? Even if we grant that telepathy between the living is a fact in nature, a ghost of the dead can hardly hope to prove his identity.

Here is a case: A young American commercial traveler, alone in his room at a hotel, suddenly saw his dead sister standing beside him. He rose to embrace her, but she fled like the shade of the mother of Odysseus in Homer. He went to his distant home and told his parents, adding that on the cheek of his sister there was a scratch which he had not seen in her lifetime. The mother explained that in arranging, when alone, flowers around the dead body of the sister in the coffin she had accidentally scratched the face, but concealed the mark with powder.

Now, if telepathy exists the mother, brooding over the memory of the daughter, might transmit the whole vision of the dead, scratch and all, to the mind of her distant son.—Andrew Lang in Harper's Magazine.

As Actuaries Measure Life.

Actuaries employed by insurance companies adopt a standard method of computing prospective ages of risks. To ascertain how many years a person of given age is ordinarily expected to live the present age is deducted from eighty, and two-thirds of the remainder will indicate the future span of life. Actuarial schedules are a unit in this system of calculation. In illustration of the above statement, age twenty deducted from eighty years shows that forty twelvemonths are the allotment, while age sixty from eighty, leaving balance of twenty, represents that thirteen years and three months should, in favorable contine, elapse before the insured individual's life is classified in the post tense column. Thus it will be observed that insurance corporations go the Biblical allowance of "three-score and ten" ten years better.

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EMIL THAMM,
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MALAY EVIL SPIRITS

THE "SPECTER HUNTSMAN" THE MOST DREADED OF THEM ALL.

Another Vampire, the Penanggalan, Is Reputed to Suck the Blood of Children—Spirits Play a Large Part In the Practice of Medicine.

The world of the magician, the realm where the supernatural and the real exist with equal actuality in the minds of mankind, is constantly diminishing. Even Bagdad and Cairo, ancient homes of wonderful caliphs and innumerable genii, whose miracles fill the pages of "The Arabian Nights," have yielded to the onslaught of civilization, and ancient spirits, like discarded political platforms, no longer challenge interest or excite respect. It is accordingly of more than passing significance to find in the pages of a new volume by W. W. Skeat of the civil service of the federated Malay states an account of Malay magic descriptive of the popular religion and folklore of a land where ghosts have still some honor in their own country and spirits yet rule with occult power.

Between man and the spirits the Malay chooses a special ambassador whose official existence is as certain as that of the medicine man of the North American Indian. Steamship whistles have tended to diminish his prestige along the shore, where the ships of Europe sail, but inland he maintains his primitive authority, distinct from that of the Mohammedan clergy. This pawang, as his title runs, is frequently a hereditary official, and certain small fees are his by right. In case of good crops, the result, of course, of his intercession with the spirits, he receives a magnificent fee of 75 cents.

Every pawang has his own particular spirit, whose influence he can always command, and works through him to secure favors at the headquarters of all the spirits. The pawang may wear yellow robes, which the Malay reserves for royalty, has certain regalia of his own and in general has privileges of great significance. He acts as a spirit medium, and each has his peculiar specialty, as they say in vaudeville. For example, one claimed that he could raise up sand bars in the face of hostile fleets.

The charms of the pawang, however, are for the most part for use against the evil spirits, the spiritual foes that populate the midair of the Malay. The voice of birds at night in the Malay peninsula, as in the world generally, is regarded as ill omened, and the hoot of a certain owl in the Malay mind presages the Koyuh Kapan—that is, "the tearing of cloth"—for a shroud, and the household which hears this note instantly summons the pawang to avert the danger. But another bird, the baberek, is even more an evil omen. The peasant who hears it brings forth a wooden platter and, beating on it, fearfully incants:

"Great-grandfather, bring us their hearts." For the baberek travels in the entourage of the "Specter Huntsman," most fearful of Malay evil spirits.

In days long past, so the legend goes, there lived a man whose wife during pregnancy expressed the desire for a taste of the flesh of the mouse deer, and her husband set forth to seek it. But the wife made so many unusual conditions with regard to the way the deer should be taken that the hunter-husband never found it, and so, with weapons, dogs and with his son, the "Specter Huntsman," wanders forever, and, nourishing an ancient grievance against mankind, is the most fearful of evil spirits. So, of nights, when the Malay hears the baberek calling out in the darkness he recalls the words of the huntsman that these notes would be the sign of his presence and summons the pawang to murmur the endless incantations intended to neutralize the evil effects of the visitation.

Even when he goes forth to snare the wild fowl the Malay proceeds according to rules laid down by the practice of the lore of the pawang. He builds a conical hut with a railed inclosure before it, an inclosure rejoicing in the name of King Solomon's palace yard, sets up a decoy duck here, and then, employing the pawang to lure the pigeon and also to keep away the tiger, he chants:

My hut's name is the magic prince,
My decoy's name is Prince Distraction.
Distraught be ye, O Kapor (pigeon),
Distraught be ye, O Puding (pigeon),
Distraught be ye, O Sarap (pigeon),
Distraught with desire to enter our bundle.

After this the pigeon has no choice but to come.

But of spirits the Malay has no lack. Without recourse to animals his black genii number 193, whose origin is traced to the drops of blood which spurted up to heaven when Cain and Abel bit their thumbs, while the white genii have an equally sanguinary origin. Birth spirits are a source of endless worry to the Malays. Langsuir, for instance, once a woman of wonderful beauty, who died from the shock of hearing that her child was stillborn, clapped her hands and without further warning flew up in a tree. She is now to be identified by her long black hair, her green robe and tapering nails, but her character is sufficiently explained when it is said that her raven tresses conceal the hole in the back of her neck through which she sucks the blood of children. The Penanggalan is another vampire. The Penanggulan, so the fable goes, was once a woman. Discovered sitting in a vinegar vat by a curious male, she was startled by the query:

"What are you doing here?"

"What business is it of yours?" was her quick and unmistakably feminine reply. But she was so startled or so angry that in the excitement of the moment she kicked her own chin, the skin about her neck split, and her head, with stomach attached, flew up to a tree, whinnying as it fled.

The practice of medicine is, of course, one in which the spirits play a large part. The physician—Bomor, as he is named—when summoned to a sick bed has a unique method of diagnosis. He resorts to divination by means of omens taken from the smoke of the burning censer or of the water jar ceremony. This latter consists of bringing three jars of water into the sick man's room, decorated with a fringe of plaited cocoanut leaves called "centipeds' feet." A fourth jar contains flowers to charm the soul of the invalid. In addition, there is a tray containing all the adjuncts of Malay magic, of which incense is an essential part. When all is ready the Bomor begins his diagnosis by planting a wax taper on the rim of each of the three jars and sprinkling them with incense. With extreme care he catches the first puff of smoke in his nostrils. Everything depends upon its odor. If it be sweet, which is hard to believe, it shows that the patient will recover. If the odor is burned—and it is hard to see how it can be otherwise—the sign is unfavorable, and it will need extended wrestling with the spirits to effect a cure. But if the odor be actually bad, then there is nothing to do but prepare for the funeral. Happily, the Malayan idea of a bad odor is far less developed than that of the occidental.

But the "black art" is perhaps the most interesting phase of Malay magic. When the Malay wishes to destroy his enemy, without the discomfort of actually killing him, although at this he is usually ready enough, he takes wax from a deserted comb, molds it into an image of his foe, decorates it with the eyebrows or the hair of the foe, and then slowly scorches the wax figure over a lamp for seven nights, reciting: "It is not the wax I am scorching. It is the liver, the heart and the spleen of —— that I scorch," naming his enemy. Of course, after this there is nothing for the victim to do but to die.

When one seeks to torture rather than to kill his foe the approved Malay method is to make the wax figure representing not the foe, but his corpse. Then, if he desires that his enemy shall become blind, he sticks pins in his eyes, and similarly designates any other portion of his anatomy he desires to afflict. Then he buries the image across his pathway and awaits the accomplishment of his design, for which he has employed every form of incantation he knows. It may be the spirits will not grant the wish or that the enemy may get his curse in first, but ordinarily, if one is careful and observes all due forms, he will have the pleasure of seeing his hated foe blind or crippled within a brief period of time.—New York Tribune.

Look Back and See What You Lost.

Just look back over the day and see where your energy has gone. See how much of it has leaked away from you in trifles. Perhaps you have wasted it in fits of fretting, fuming, grumbling, fault finding or in the little frictions that have accomplished nothing, but merely rasped your nerves, made you irritable, crippled you and left you exhausted. You may have drained off more nerve and brain force in a burst of passion than you have expended in doing your real work. Perhaps you did not realize that in going through your place of business like a mad bull through a china shop you pulled out every spigot and turned on every faucet of your mental and physical reservoir and left them open until all the energy you had stored up during the night had run off. Look back and see whether your scolding, fault finding, criticising, nagging and what you call "reading the riot act" to your employees have helped you in any way or accomplished anything. No; you only lost your energy and self control, your self respect and the respect and admiration of your employees.—Orison Swett Marden in Success.

Mayors by Profession.

When a German city wishes a capable, economical and trustworthy mayor it simply looks around and hires the best official that can be found. The correct management of municipalities has long been a study in Germany, and the putting of this knowledge into effect has become a profession. In reality, therefore, the mayoralty is a professional pursuit, and those who devote their energies and abilities to it grade upward, being called from city to city, says the Philadelphia North American.

If a man makes a notable success as the mayor of one city he is liable at any time to be called to administer the affairs of another and a larger. The honor and emoluments of the office increase with the importance of the town. This plan of having professional mayors and of promoting them from city to city has worked well in Germany. It provides a class of men who make the business of the people a study and qualify themselves to conduct the affairs of municipalities upon business principles. The element of politics is cut out for the better policy of looking to the public good.

Health at Home.

There are several reasons why invalids improve at a "health resort." If homes were more comfortable and less hurly burly they might prove quite as effective as the resort. Rest, baths and water are the three watchwords of "health resorts." There can be no rest where there are fretting and rushing. Turn fretting and rushing out of the homes. Few people drink enough of water. In the first place, it must be taken slowly, but liberally, all through the day. It must be cool, but not too cold. Men, women and children would be happier and healthier if they rested more, bathed oftener and drank more water.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

His Waning Love.

"I am afraid George is beginning to grow cold toward me," half sobbed the young wife.

"What's he been doing now?" inquired her mother sharply.

"In his last letter he only sends me a thousand kisses, and always before he used to send 10,000,000."

The Wish He Doesn't Gratify.

"You told me that when we were married you would see that my every wish was gratified," remarked the bride of a few weeks.

"Well?" replied her husband rather curtly.

"Well, I wish I was single again."—Philadelphia Press.

THE MIRACLE PORTRAIT.

One of the Popular Legends of the Middle Ages.

One of the popular legends of the middle ages, which appears to have been known in various forms in all Catholic countries of southern Europe, has been preserved in the folklore tales of those countries either with the title of "The Story of Beatrice and the Virgin" or as "The Miracle of Our Lady." According to the mediaeval legend, Beatrice was a nun in a convent at Cologne. She knew nothing of the wicked outside world—having been placed in charge of the sisters when very young—but just as she was budding into womanhood she was seized with an uncontrollable desire to learn something of the mysteries lying beyond the great brown walls of what had always been her home. Finally, after many nights of tearful restlessness, she took the key of the sacristy, and, prostrating herself before a picture of the Virgin, she said, "Madonna, I am internally tormented with disquietude both day and night, and today, in order to relieve myself of this distracting agony, I leave this house and thy service to become a person of the world." For fifteen long years, so the story goes, she remained away from the convent, and in this time saw all the ups and downs and miseries of city life in the great European trade centers. During these hurly wearly months she never forgot the quiet home she had left at Cologne, and the kindly faces of the nuns seemed to be ever near her, especially in her troubles.

At last, when this mode of living had become unbearable, she returned to Cologne and applied at the convent for admission. Seeing that the person who answered her rap did not seem to recognize her, she ventured a few words in a kind of wild attempt to find out if possible whether the sisters had really cared for her or had ever longed for her return.

"Do you know aught," she said, "concerning the nun Beatrice?"

Judge of her wonderment when the reply came, "She has lived in this convent, holily and religiously, from her youth up."

Puzzled beyond measure at these words, Beatrice was about to turn away when an apparition of the Madonna appeared before her and said:

"My child, fifteen years since thou quitted this convent. From that day to this I have daily and hourly discharged thy duties in thy form and dress. No one in the building knows of thy long absence. Go, now, and take the keys from the altar where thou didst leave them, resume thy dress and do penance for thy many sins."

Immediately after addressing these remarks to the erring one the vision moved as a flash of light to the sacristy and assumed its accustomed place in the portrait of the "holy family." Even after settling down on the canvas the picture is said to have smiled, approvingly, while the wayward nun was making preparations to again become one of the holy sisters.

Pet Names Out of Place.

"It is a great mistake, in my opinion," remarked a young married woman, "for husbands and wives to call each other by any term of endearment. It generally begins in the first part of their married life. They feel it is rather nice to say 'dear' and 'my love,' etc., in public; it emphasizes their sense of possession. Later on habit makes them continue the epithets, but they become meaningless. They might just as well be Molly and Billy as far as sentiment goes, and the simple Christian name sounds, to my way of thinking, in better form. When especial names have been adopted, as is sometimes the case, they are obnoxious in the beginning and later on become absurd. I know a man who began by calling his wife 'Baby.' They have been married now for several years, and he keeps it up through force of habit, but it does sound ridiculous. I was playing whist the other day with a quondam pair of turtledoves who have become quite peckish with a decade of married life behind them, and it was funny to hear the old names used with marital sharpness. They were playing together and were losing, which made them quite cross. 'You should never have taken that trick, Honey,' he said sharply. 'A baby could have played that hand better, Ducky,' she retaliated, and so on. Neither of them seemed aware of the incongruity of the epithets 'Honey' and 'Ducky' with their irate voices and expression."—New York Tribune.

Aunt Sally's "At Home."

The true hostess is loath to recognize any privilege for herself, but they are few who have been equal to the entire self effacement of Aunt Sally, of whom the New York Herald tells.

Aunt Sally lived in a remote Kentucky village and was locally famed for kindness of heart and good will toward her neighbors. For many months she had been saving her slender means "to give a grand party," she said.

At last the great event came. All Aunt Sally's friends, dressed in their best, were present, and the evening was most enjoyable, the only drawback being the mysterious absence of the hostess.

Meeting her the next morning, one of the youthful guests of the night before spoke rapturously of the party.

"I'm certainly glad you enjoyed yourself," returned the old lady, beaming with satisfaction. "So it really was a success? Yes? My, I certainly should like to have seen it!"

"But why were you not there, Aunt Sally—at your very own party?"

"Laws, child," answered Aunt Sally, her face still shining with delight, "I had to stay in the kitchen and wash the dishes."

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A TIGHT PLACE.

How the Speaker Saved a Congressman From a Costly Joke.

It was a gay time in congress one night when there was an all night session on the Mills tariff bill in 1888. It had been difficult to keep a sufficient attendance, and the house had adopted a resolution directing the sergeant at arms to compel the presence of absent members. One by one they were brought before the bar of the house and after making all sorts of excuses and explanations were permitted to go unpunished.

About midnight Congressman Henderson was brought before the speaker. He had, he said, no excuse to offer.

"I was at a theater party," he continued, "when I was arrested and brought here. There is no sort of excuse for absence without leave."

"I move that the gentleman from Iowa be fined $5,000," called one of Henderson's colleagues.

"I second the motion!" shouted twenty or more members, all of them his friends.

"It is moved and seconded," said Speaker Carlisle, "that the gentleman from Iowa be fined $5,000. Those in favor of the motion will say 'Aye.'"

Two hundred delighted voices shouted "Aye!"

"Those opposed will say 'No.'"

Henderson's agonized voice was alone in yelling "No!"

There was but one way to slip out of the joke and prevent the motion from being carried, and that was for Speaker Carlisle to overrule the house.

"The ayes have it," said he gravely. "The gentleman is excused."

A Striking Individuality.

It does not pay to be too striking in one's individuality unless that characteristic is the outspringing of one's own nature. Directly little eccentricities are assumed criticism is invited. We become conspicuous, and the unconventional beauty which we wish to achieve turns to gall and wormwood in what the world calls only "queerness." Unless you can be artistically out of the ordinary do not try to be other than commonplace. It does not pay to bring down reproach and sarcasm upon your unprotected head for the sake of winning notoriety. Better by far to pursue the even tenor of your way, exactly as thousands of other mortals do, than to strike out into new paths which lead only into the jungle of ridicule and condemnation.

Tibetans and Jewelry.

Tibetans, like all people of a low civilization, delight in showy and massive jewels. A man is only poorly adorned with a heavy silver earring, coral mounted. The women wear regular jewelers' shops on their heads. Among the nomads their hair, arranged in innumerable small tresses that involve more than a whole day's work, is decorated with three great bands of woolen stuff or red silk strewn with rubies, shells, artificial pearls, corals, turquoises, amber beads, red agate, gold, silver or copper reliquaries.

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Men and women in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly with expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 39-45-6t

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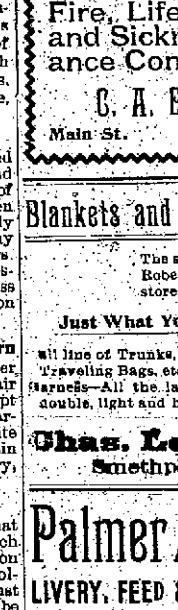

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